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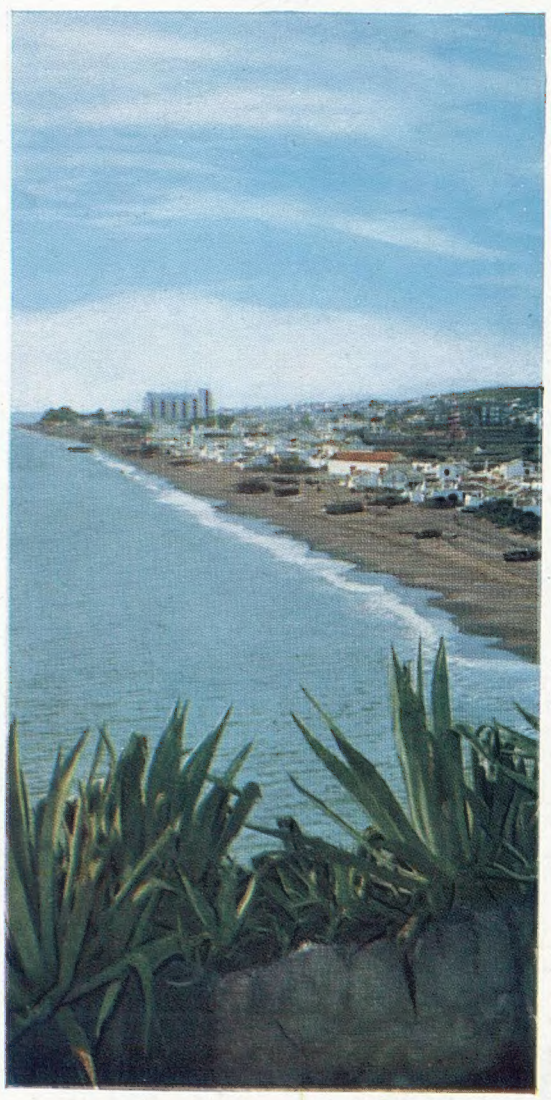

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Volume CCXLVIII No. 3222

THE SPHERE

LONDON, March 3, 1962

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TRIUMPHANT AT THE CAPE

At Cape Canaveral, Lieut.-Colonel John Glenn, after his three orbits of the earth in the Mercury capsule, Friendship Seven, sits with President Kennedy in a welcoming ceremony after his epic flight. Mr. Kennedy invested the astronaut with the Distinguished Service Medal of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. Among those at the ceremony were his wife and children. At a Press conference at Cape Canaveral, Colonel Glenn gave a graphic description of his flight, including details of how in conditions of weightlessness it was possible to leave objects lying around in the air. He said that the most hair-raising part of his journey was the re-entry from orbit when it was feared, erroneously, that the heat-shield of his capsule might break loose and the capsule burn up. Looking fit and well, Colonel Glenn left Cape Canaveral to spend the weekend quietly with his family. Last Monday, he took part in a parade from the White House, Washington, to Capitol Hill to address a joint session of Congress. While Colonel Glenn was being fêted this week technicians at Cape Canaveral were already working on preparations for the next U.S. manned space flights. (Pictures of Colonel Glenn's flight are on pages 344 and 345)

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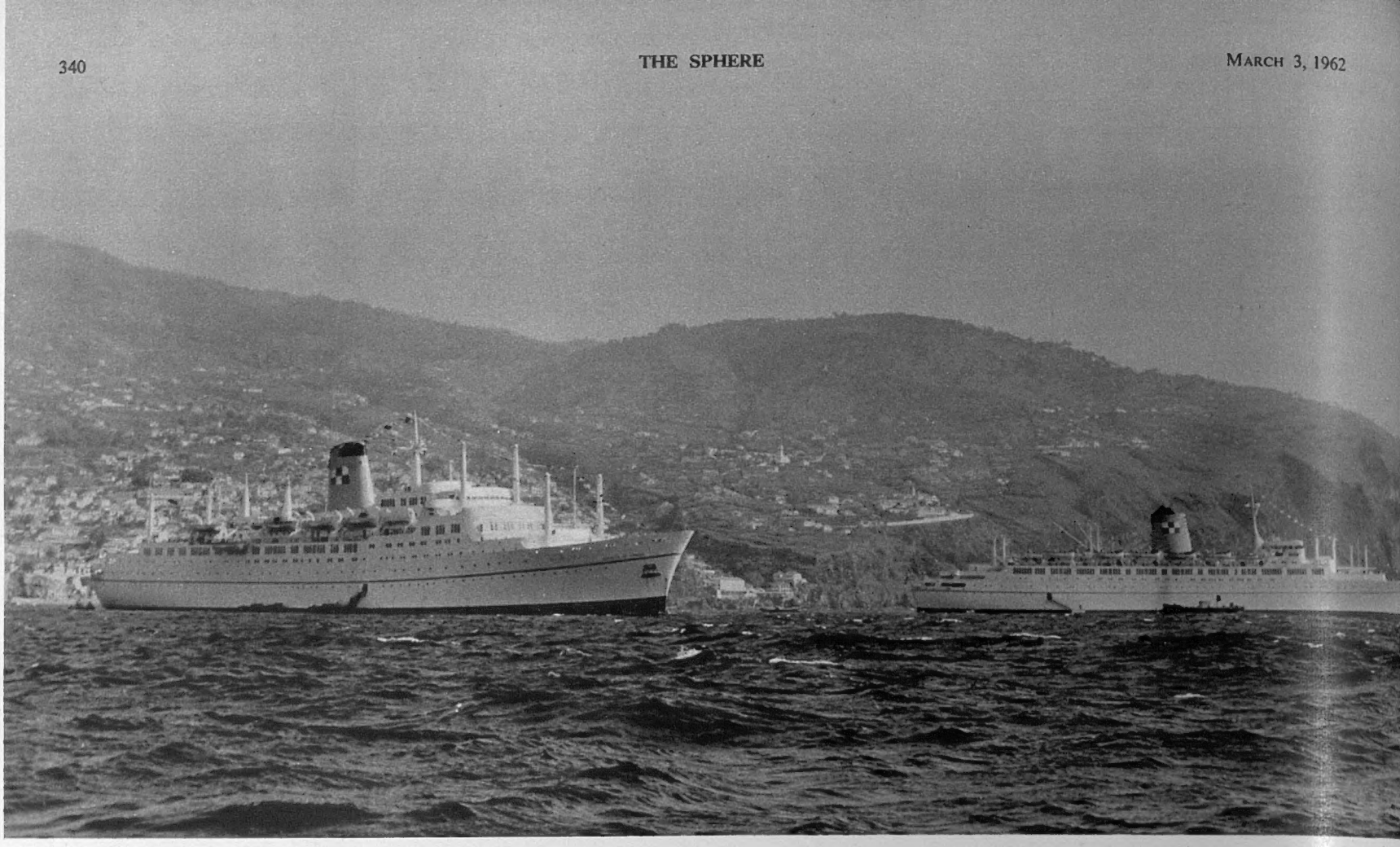


TWO EMPRESSES MEET IN THE BEAUTY OF THE BAY OF FUNCHAL

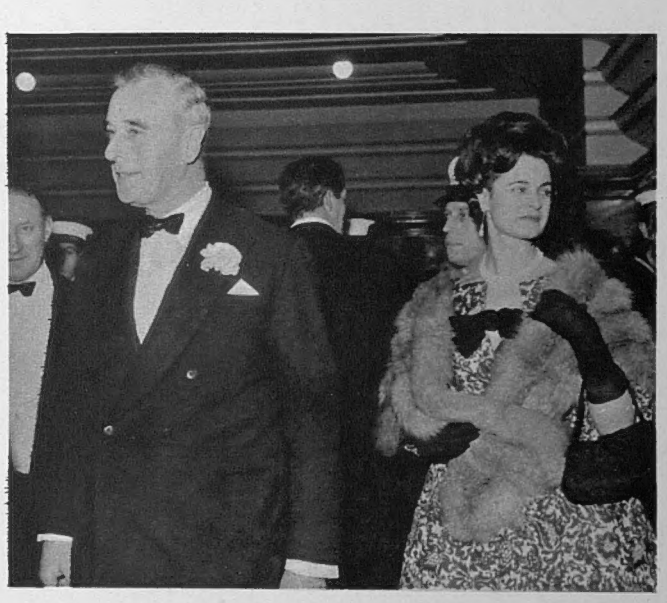
The *Empress of Canada* (left), the flagship of the Canadian Pacific Lines, and the *Empress of Britain* lie close to each other in the harbour of Funchal in Madeira. There were over 600 Canadians and United States citizens aboard the former. Funchal was her first port of call since leaving New York on a sixty-one-day cruise in the Mediterranean and among the Greek islands. She was scheduled to call at thirty-two ports altogether. The *Empress of Britain* was on a seventeen-day cruise in the South Atlantic and was carrying 600 passengers from Britain. Funchal, with a population of 37,000, is the capital of Madeira and the only large town on the island. Its slopes studded with white houses among tropical verdure present a very attractive sight when seen from the sea.

Earl Mountbatten of Burma, Chief of Defence Staff, and the Countess of Harewood are seen at the world première in London of *H.M.S. Defiant*, a film about the Navy in the 1790's

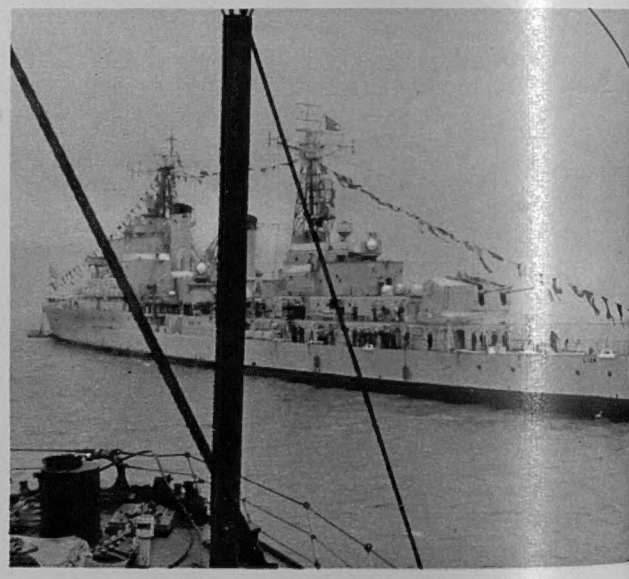
Far right: The cruiser H.M.S. *Lion* is dressed overall as she arrives in Plymouth after completing an extensive courtesy cruise to South American countries. She flies Norway's flag to honour the birthday of the Crown Prince Harald of Norway

Below right: Seen in Saigon are, from left, Major-General Timmed, General Harkins, Chief of the new U.S. Military Assistance Command in South Vietnam, General Le Van Ty, Chief of Joint Staff, Vietnamese Forces, and Mr. Nolting, the U.S. Ambassador in South Vietnam. The Military Assistance Command was created recently as part of Washington's increased efforts to give every support, short of sending in combat troops. to the South Vietnamese national forces in their war against Communist terrorists

Far right: Mr. Rusk, the U.S. Secretary of State, speaks to Mr. Gaitskell, the Leader of the British Labour Party, in the State Department in Washington. While in the U.S. capital Mr. Gaitskell lunched with President Kennedy. It was reported that they had discussed the possible American resumption of nuclear tests in the atmosphere, and that Mr. Gaitskell had urged a delay in these until May or June, when the disarmament talks in Geneva should be well under way



EARL MOUNTBATTEN AT A FILM PREMIÈRE



H.M.S. *LION* RETURNS HOME

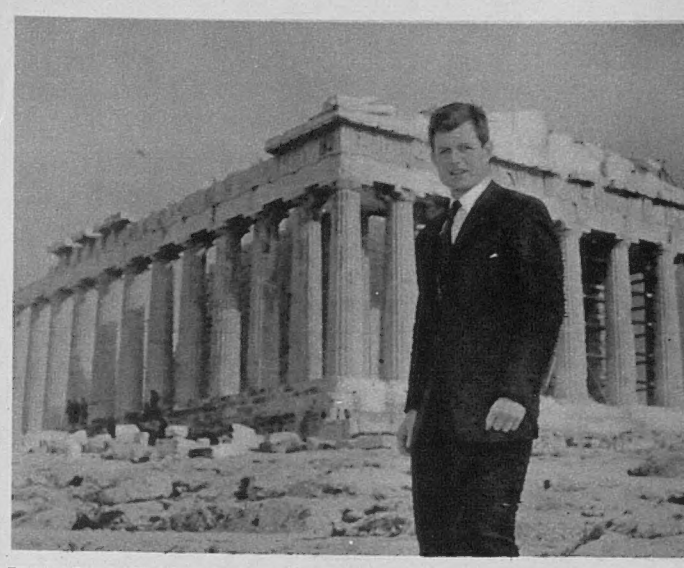
U.S. ASSISTANCE COMMAND IN SOUTH VIETNAM

MR. GAITSKELL GOES TO WASHINGTON

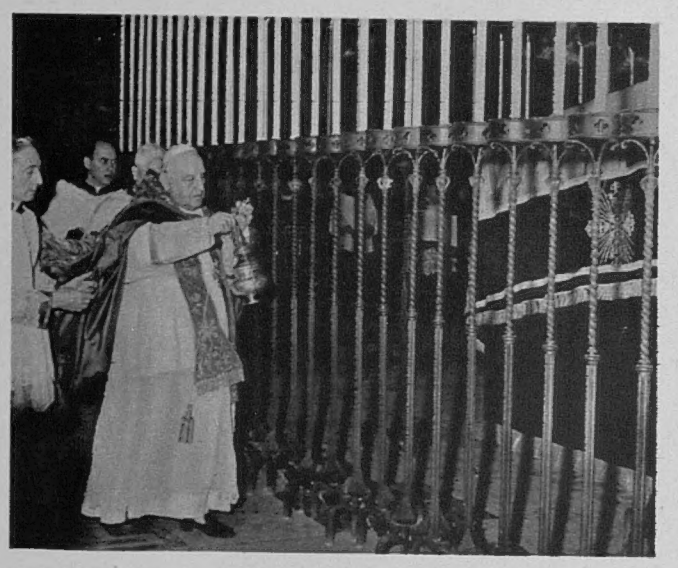
THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ROBERT KENNEDY AND HIS WIFE IN ROME

The brother and sister-in-law of the United States President arrive by air in the capital of Italy during their goodwill tour of six countries. With them is Mr. G. F. Reinhard, the United States Ambassador in Rome. **Far right:** Mr. Edward Kennedy, youngest of the President's brothers, stands near the Parthenon in Athens. He was in Greece while the Robert Kennedys were on their visit to Italy



EDWARD KENNEDY IN ATHENS



THE POPE AT A CARDINAL'S REQUIEM

Pope John XXIII holds the thurible below the candles surrounding the coffin during the Solemn Requiem for Cardinal Muench, a member of the Curia in Rome and a former Papal Nuncio to Germany, in St. Peter's, Rome. The Cardinal, who was aged seventy-two, was an American and had been Bishop of Fargo in North Dakota since 1935. Born and educated in Wisconsin, Aloisius Joseph Muench eventually became Rector of the seminary in which he had been taught. During the last war he was engaged on various diplomatic missions for the Vatican and after the war became Papal Nuncio to Germany. Elevated to be an Archbishop in 1950, he was created a Cardinal in 1959

THE FUNERAL OF THE EMPRESS OF ETHIOPIA

Far right: The funeral procession of the Empress Menon of Ethiopia reaches Trinity Cathedral in Addis Ababa. She was born about 1891 and had been married to the Emperor Haile Selassie for over fifty years. After he came to the throne in 1928 she was especially active in educational and religious affairs. The Empress accompanied her husband into exile from 1936 to 1940. In recent years she had suffered very bad health

AFTERMATH OF FLOODS

Flood-covered orchards and broken dykes in the low-lying areas around Hamburg. As last week's floods, caused by gales and high tides, slowly subsided, the Lord Mayor of Hamburg, Dr. Nevermann, estimated the damage in the city itself at £90,000,000. This figure did not include losses to industry. At least as much material damage was caused outside Hamburg, particularly in the suburb of Wilhelmsburg, which lies below sea level. At the end of last week, the death roll throughout North-west Germany was approaching some 300, with another 300 people missing. Several thousand citizens of Hamburg were still stranded in their homes. Mass inoculations were taking place, as at least three people were suspected of having typhus. Other problems were a plague of rats, and the disposal of the bodies of dead livestock. The question of financial aid to the flood-stricken areas was being discussed by the Federal Government in Bonn. Among messages of sympathy which had been received were those from the Queen and Mr. Khrushchev

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

In the modern section of Oran, Algeria, a French army patrol searches Moslems during a security check after two shops had been set on fire. In face of hopes that a cease-fire might be ratified in Algeria to end the seven-year Algerian war, violence by the opposed Moslem and Right-wing O.A.S. terrorists increased. In two days last weekend, seventy people were killed. At Bab-el-Oued, a European quarter of Algiers, over twenty people, mostly Moslems, were systematically murdered after a European taxi-driver and local O.A.S. leader had been shot. But at the beginning of this week, hopes were high that a settlement was imminent. President de Gaulle, speaking at his home village of Colombey-les-deux-Eglises, said that an "honourable end" to the Algerian war was possible in a few days. As he spoke, the leaders of the F.L.N. (the Algerian National Liberation Front), meeting in Tripoli were continuing discussions on the cease-fire terms (see also John Connell on page 346)

CONTINUED TENSION AND TERRORISM IN ALGERIA DURING DEBATES ON THE CEASE-FIRE TERMS

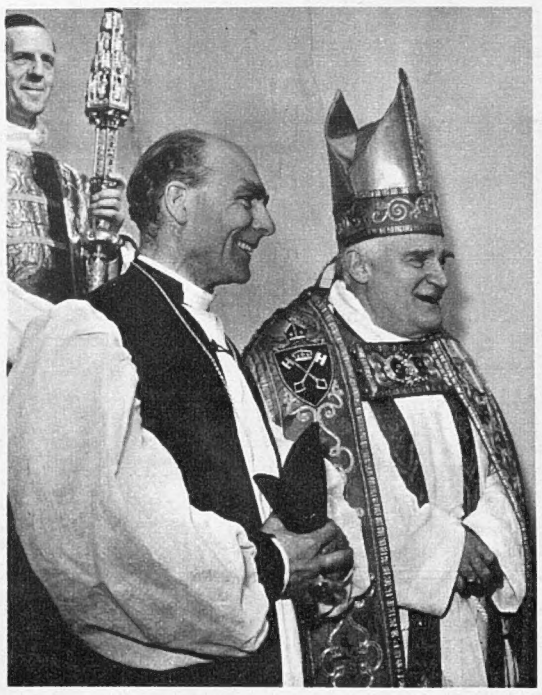
The Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Inonu, talks to journalists as he leaves the Turkish Air Force Headquarters in Ankara after the unsuccessful revolt by young Army officers and students. The coup was swiftly put down last week. Four ring-leaders, all colonels, were put in military custody, and twenty more officers were dismissed

MR. INONU DISCUSSES THE UNSUCCESSFUL COUP IN TURKEY

Far right: Sir Robert Watson-Watt, the inventor of radar, and Miss Vanessa Redgrave, the actress, listen to speeches at a rally in Trafalgar Square called by the anti-nuclear Committee of 100 in protest against the trial and sentences of six committee members arrested after the demonstrations at Wethersfield air base. Over 2,000 people attended the rally in snowy weather last Sunday

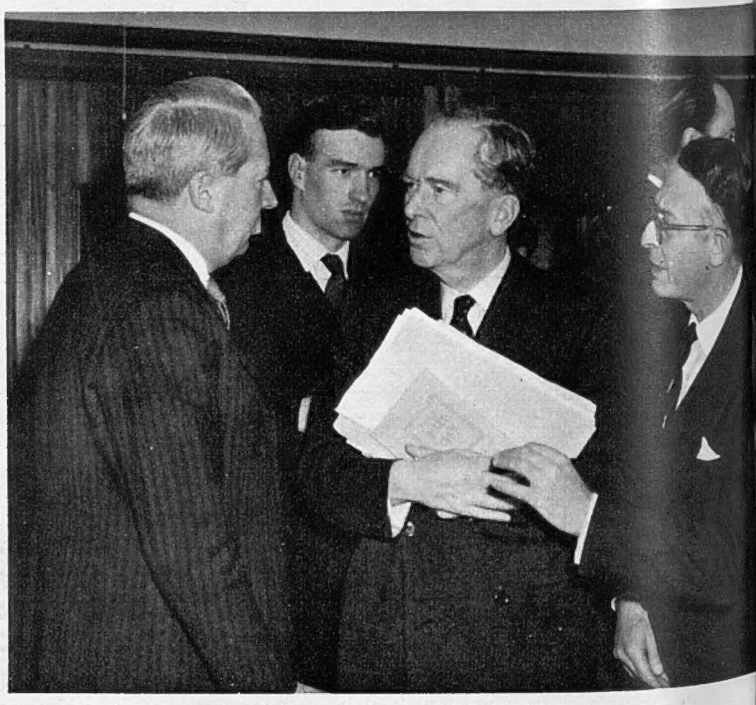
SIR ROBERT WATSON-WATT AT A PROTEST RALLY

The Right Rev. John Gerhard Tiarks, the new Bishop of Chelmsford, is with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Ramsey, after his consecration at Westminster Abbey. Aged fifty-nine and educated at Westminster and Cambridge, the new Bishop was formerly the Provost of Bradford Cathedral



FIFTH BISHOP OF CHELMSFORD

Far right: In Brussels for the negotiations on Britain's entry into the Common Market are from left, Mr. Edward Heath, the Lord Privy Seal; Sir Pierson Dixon, and Sir Eric Roll. On his return last weekend to London, Mr. Heath said the talks he had had on agricultural policy brought the negotiations a "further step forward"



MR. EDWARD HEATH IN BRUSSELS

NEWS SUMMARY

Further exchanges on the Geneva disarmament conference; tension over the British Government's proposals for Rhodesia; Communist aggression in the Far East; and elections in Malta and India

INTERNATIONAL

President Kennedy last weekend refused to accept Mr. Khrushchev's repeated proposal that this month's eighteen-nation conference on disarmament in **Geneva** should be opened with an eighteen Heads of Government conference. It was understood that Mr. Macmillan's reply to the Soviet Union, communicated this week, differed little from the U.S. answer. In President Kennedy's letter it was proposed that the disarmament conference should start at foreign ministers level. It was indicated, however, that President Kennedy would be willing to attend a Summit conference later, possibly before June 1, the date on which the conference is due to report to the United Nations' General Assembly.

In **Bonn**, Mr. Robert Kennedy, the U.S. Attorney General and President Kennedy's brother, said that he had had a most useful talk with Dr. Adenauer, the West German Chancellor, and that there was complete agreement on the question of a possible east-west Summit on disarmament. He went on to say that the U.S. would continue its flights to **Berlin** through the air corridors even if it were necessary temporarily to substitute military for civil aircraft. (See also page 341.) There were rumours in Bonn that the Russians were putting out tentative feelers for a new plan for Germany to include a territorial corridor from West Germany to Berlin and a permanently divided Germany.

AFRICA

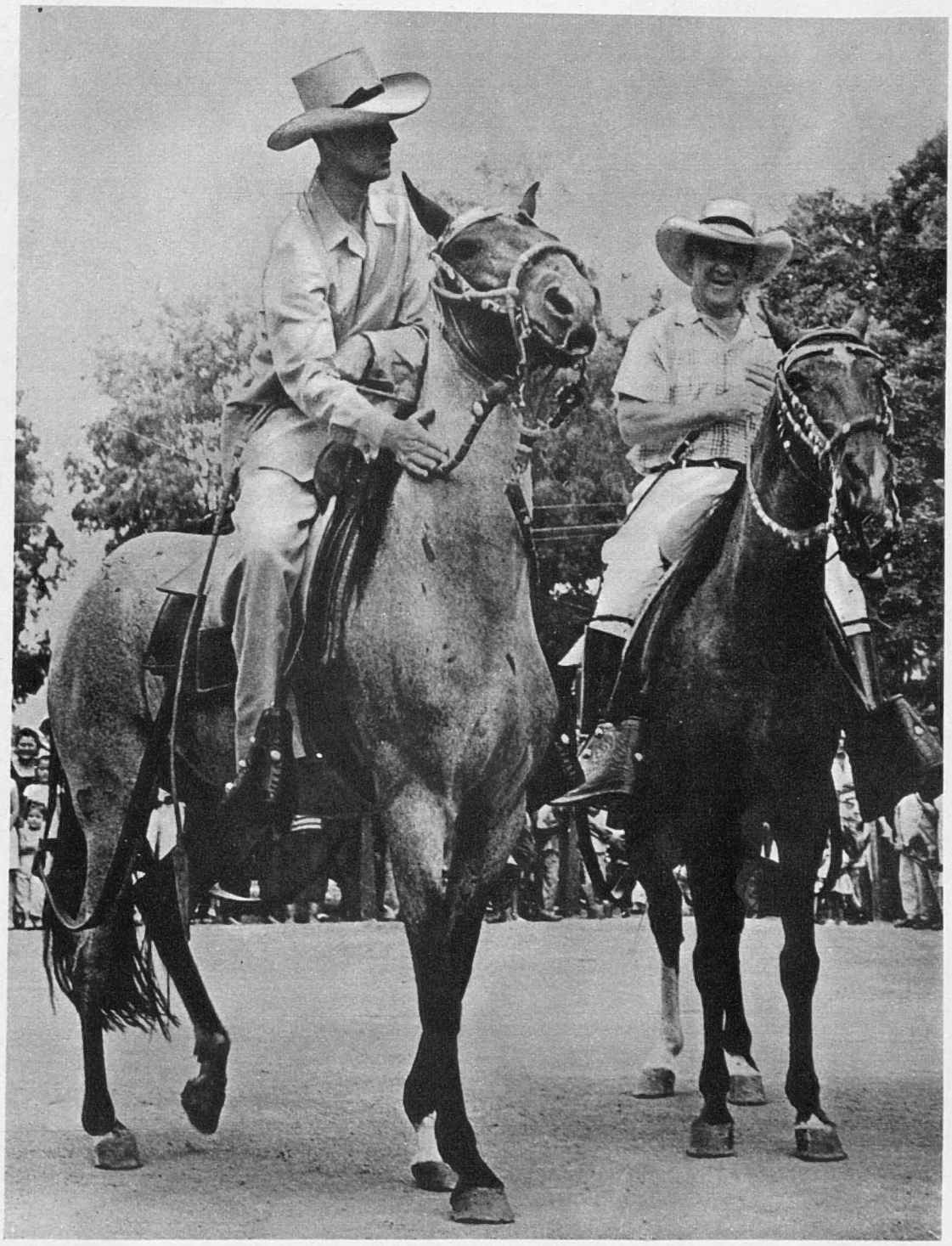
The announcement of a new constitution for Northern Rhodesia, which would give an opportunity for an African majority in the parliament, was believed to be imminent at the beginning of this week. Sir Edgar Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Premier, in **London** for "routine talks," said that Southern Rhodesia could "go it alone" if necessary, but he did not believe the Federation would break up. Sir Roy Welensky, the Prime Minister of the Federation, announced in **Salisbury** that the Federation was his and that he would fight to keep it. Last weekend he was threatening to fly to London. Mr. Kaunda, leader of the Northern Rhodesian African Nationalist Party, U.N.I.P., said that he would call for a general strike if Sir Roy moved troops into Northern Rhodesia.

In **New York** a resolution was passed by the U.N. Trusteeship Committee and endorsed by the General Assembly, in spite of British objections, that an inquiry should be made into the amount of self-government in Southern Rhodesia. The Assembly also endorsed the Committee's decision to set up a commission to prepare for Ruanda-Urundi's independence, the provisional date of which was fixed for July 1.

In **Kampala**, Uganda's capital, it was announced that the Kabaka Yekka Party had won a large majority of the sixty-eight seats in the elections for the Lukiko (the Buganda parliament). The Lukiko will choose Buganda's representatives in the General Election for the Uganda National Assembly which is to be held in April.

SOUTH-EAST ASIA

It was reported that leaders of the Soviet and North Vietnamese Communist Parties held top-level talks last week in **Hanoi**, the capital of North Vietnam, to discuss Communist strategy in the Far East. The Chinese Foreign Ministry in **Pekin** attacked the U.S. "aggravation" of the situation in South Vietnam (see page 340) as seriously affecting "the security of China and the peace of Asia," and called for consultations between the co-chairmen of the 1954 Geneva Conference. Meanwhile, it was reported that the British and Russian co-chairmen of the current Geneva Conference on **Laos**, Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Pushkin, were to fly to Laos in an attempt to check the threatened resumption of civil war there, caused by the continued deadlock between the three princes and their supporters. In Thailand, over seventy people were arrested in **Bangkok** and near the Burmese border, accused of being Communist Party members.



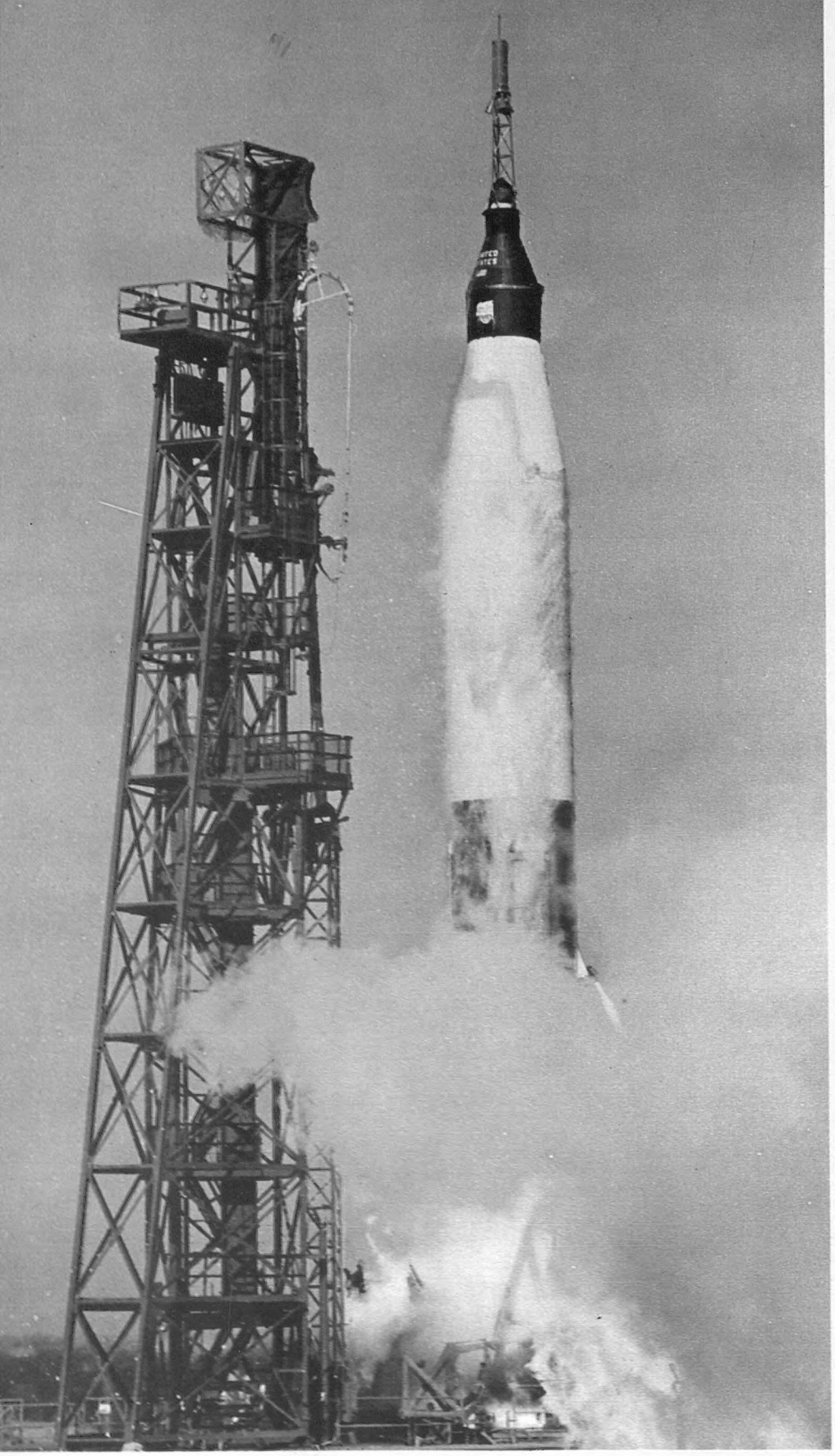
The Duke of Edinburgh enjoys a ride at a hacienda at Chiclayo, Peru, with his host, Senor Aspillega. Prince Philip ended his visit to Peru on Monday. Further pictures of the Duke's South American tour are on pages 355 to 357)

MALTA

It was announced in **Valletta** last week that the Catholic-supported Nationalists under Dr. Borg Olivier had won twenty-five of the fifty seats in the Legislature. Mr. Mintoff's Labour Party, the other main political party, won sixteen seats. The Labour Party's share of the poll dropped from 56 per cent. at the 1955 elections to 33 per cent. Over 90 per cent. of the electorate voted. Both leading parties have strongly opposed the recently announced constitution. Dr. Olivier was asked to take office at the head of what will be the first elected Government since the old constitution was abrogated in 1958.

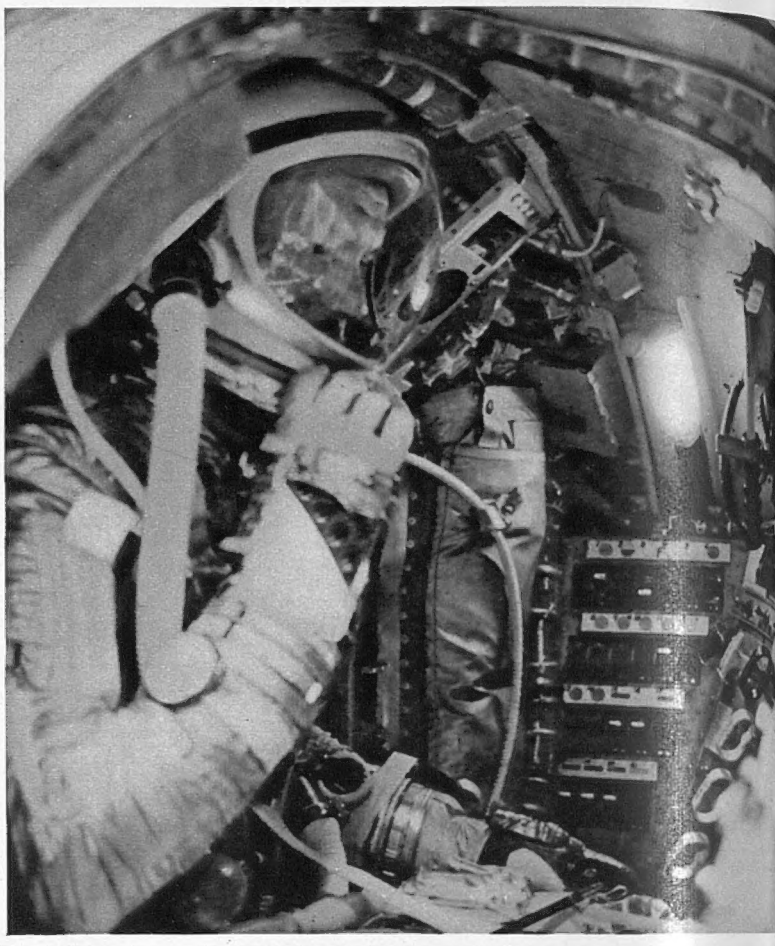
INDIA

After ten days of polling, voting in the Republic's third General Election ended last Sunday night. About 2,900 State Assembly constituencies and 495 places in the two Houses of the National Legislature were being contested and it was expected to be several days before returns would be complete. Although earliest indications showed losses to Prime Minister Nehru's Congress Party, its return was still considered to be a certainty.

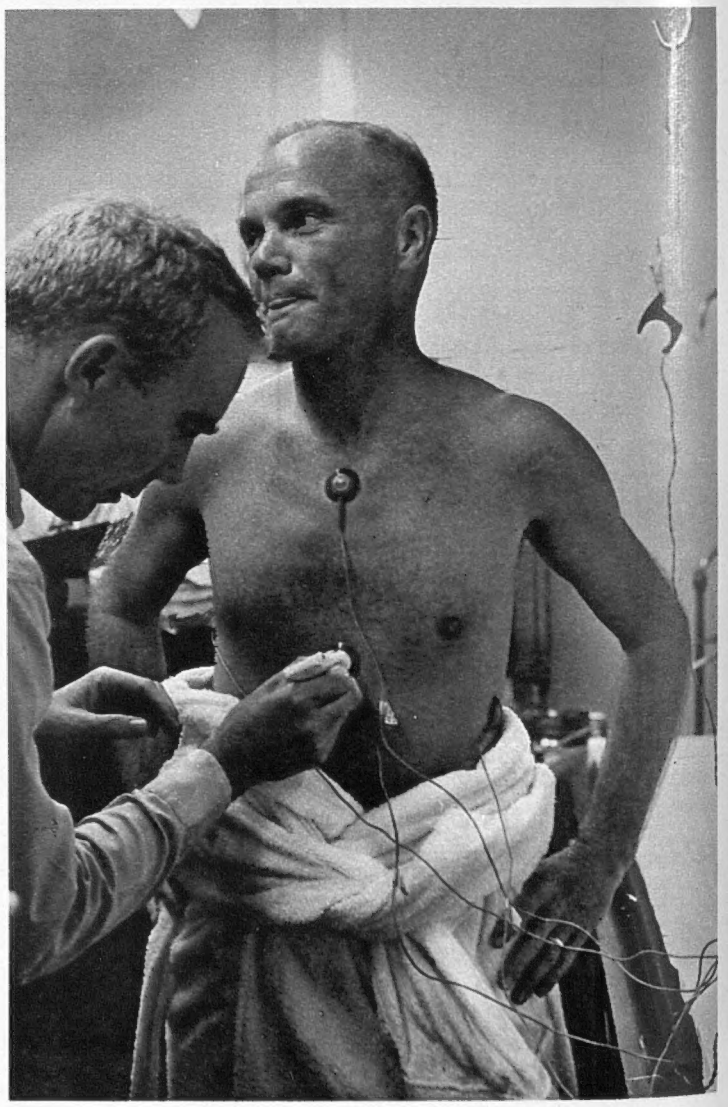


The Atlas booster rocket carrying Colonel Glenn leaves the launching-pad at Cape Canaveral

THE WORD WAS "GO"



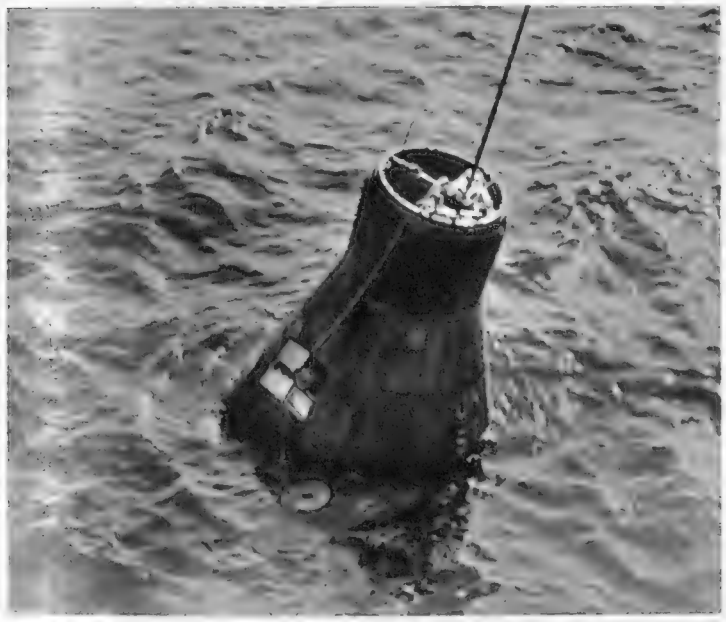
In the capsule, Colonel Glenn is surrounded by instruments and apparatus. **Below:** His body is plastered with electrodes transmitting his reactions



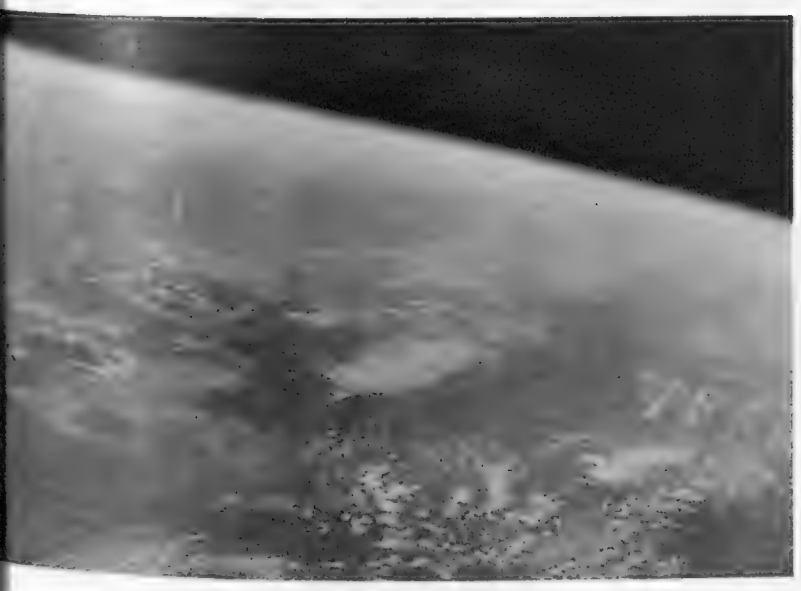
The new jargon of space will undoubtedly become more and more familiar in the coming year. Its key word, awaited by astronauts, ground technicians, and millions of people watching television, is " go," meaning everything is working perfectly. Colonel John Glenn's " I am go," as he started on his epic three-orbit flight of the earth, has gone down into history. The importance of the flight last week cannot be underestimated. It showed that the U.S. could do in full public view what the Soviet Union had accomplished in conditions of utmost secrecy.

Colonel Glenn, who had to endure weeks of agonising waiting, was reported to be a " hale and hearty astronaut " after his flight. His flight began from Cape Canaveral at 9.47 a.m. Eastern Standard Time on Tuesday, February 20, when the huge Atlas booster took off in a perfect launch. Eight minutes later, Glenn was in orbit, reporting " the view is tremendous and I feel fine." The capsule circled the earth three times, taking about 89 minutes each time, flying at a speed of 17,547 m.p.h. On the second two orbits, Colonel Glenn operated his space-craft semi-manually, in astronaut's jargon he had " to fly by wire." Normally the craft is flown by auto-pilot which fires short bursts of oxygen peroxide from eighteen thrust nozzles to correct pitch, roll or yaw. Colonel Glenn found that a malfunction in the system was making the craft roll excessively. Four hours and 41 minutes after leaving the launching pad, the three orbits were completed. Over the U.S., the retro-rockets were fired so that it fell in a long arc into the South Atlantic. The huge main parachute opened at 21,900 ft. and twenty minutes after being sighted, the capsule was hauled from the water. Colonel Glenn, fresh from triumph in space, was faced with the ordeal of medical examinations, de-briefing sessions, parades and ceremonies.

With a long line of gantries standing sentinel at the launching-pads at Cape Canaveral, the Atlas D missile roars into the sky, leaving billowing clouds of steam and smoke behind



The Mercury capsule bobs in the Atlantic before being picked up



Glenn's photograph, while in orbit, shows the curvature of the earth

Sailors on the U.S. destroyer *Noa* at work on the top of the capsule as it is swung on board

JOHN CONNELL

AFTER THE ALGERIAN CEASE-FIRE

Relief was evident, not only throughout France, but among all France's friends, at the news that agreement had been reached in the long, secret negotiations between representatives of the French Government and of the Algerian Nationalists. A cease-fire was confidently expected from the moment the news spread; but there was a great and continuing reticence about the terms of the agreement, and a resigned acceptance of the danger of violent reaction from extremists on both sides.

For seven years and more this war has gone on, bleeding France in a fashion even worse than the tragedy in Indo-China. It has destroyed the Fourth Republic—that brief-lived constitutional and political oddity—and brought Charles de Gaulle back, like some latter-day Cincinnatus, to supreme authority in the France he loves so deeply and has served so magnificently. But it has also taken a fearful toll of French and Algerian lives—a toll that has not yet ceased. On the very day that the secret negotiations were completed sixteen men were killed in Algiers by O.A.S. gunmen; the following day twenty-two people died.

This bloodshed, the brutality and the violence which have spread to metropolitan France—Paris in particular—have combined to sicken the French people, already very weary of the war, and to condition them to accept a settlement on almost any possible terms.

The *colons*' cause was, in fact, betrayed and in the end lost by O.A.S. when they moved from slogans and appeals to rebellion and civil war. It is an ironic reflection that Algerian independence will prove to have been achieved, not by a Muslim victory over the French, but by a deep revulsion of the French people against this internecine conflict.

What kind of independent Algeria will emerge? At the moment the country is almost as ravaged as large parts of north-west Europe were in 1945. The physical wounds—as the recovery of Europe abundantly demonstrated—can be healed pretty quickly. There are other social, moral and political injuries and maladies for which there can be no quick or facile cure. How many *colons* will remain, how many will seek repatriation and resettlement in France? What will happen to that considerable number of Jews who have been settled in Algeria for many generations? These are questions which must be faced in the next few months. The answers to them will affect the lives and prospects of individuals and of sizeable communities; and on the way Algeria solves the problems of the transfer of power depends much that will happen elsewhere in Africa in the coming months—in the Central African Federation and in Kenya. I am conscious that my friends in both these territories are watching the course of events in Algeria with anxious interest.

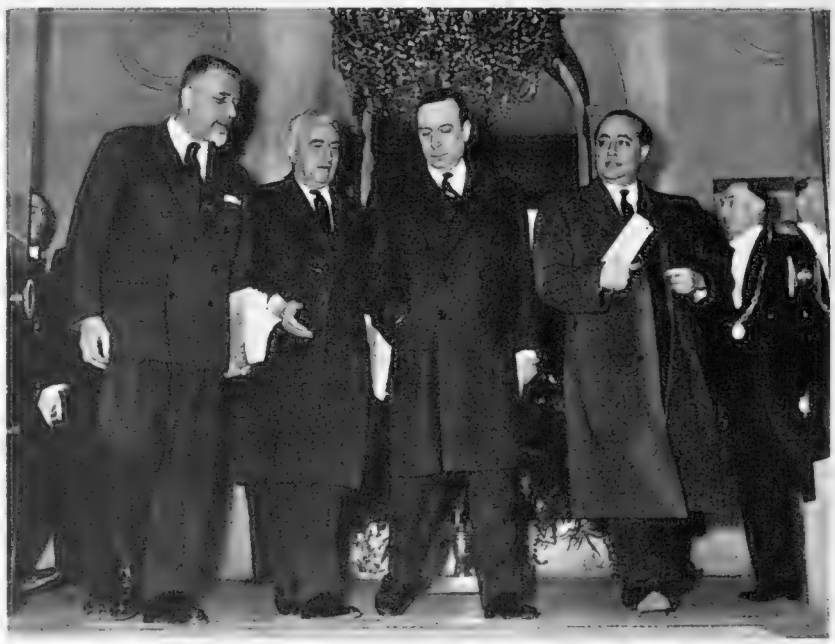
Can a minority, formerly the rulers or closely associated with the rulers of a newly independent, enthusiastically nationalistic country, have any hope of living peacefully surrounded by a big majority alien to them in outlook, customs and aspirations? The precedent of India—and Pakistan—is often cited; there are more British in India now than in the last years of the Raj; personal relations between Indians and British are better than they have been for a century and more. But there was never a land clash in India. In Algeria French citizens have been closely settled on the land for several generations. In the British dependencies in East and Central Africa the words "white settler" have, on the lips of many black African nationalists, the violent emphasis of hatred, resentment, and desire for revenge.

It is true that the Algerian nationalist leaders, steeped in their own Islamic, as well as French, culture and thought, are by no means comparable with the men who are claiming political power in Kenya and in the Rhodesias. But are they sure enough of their own position, as well as magnanimous enough, to treat with tolerance and to persuade their followers to treat with tolerance the French in their midst, who are suddenly to be deprived of rights they had come to take for granted?

Right to the end the French Algerians refused to believe that this would happen, that the General meant what he said and would pursue his policy, inflexibly and logically, to its conclusion. Bullied, frightened and blackmailed by O.A.S. they yet accepted O.A.S.'s thesis of "*Algérie française*," which once had a challenging nobility but, by the end, was smirched as well as futile. Algeria is going to be an Algerian country, dominated by the Muslim Arab group which has struggled stubbornly all these years for power.

One of the most difficult operations in the final phase of the cease-fire negotiations was, according to fairly knowledgeable people, the establishment of the principle of a transitional status for Europeans during the first five years after independence. It appears that they will be guaranteed dual nationality by statute throughout this period, in which they will be able to decide whether to become Algerians or return to France. There were strong pressures on both sides; the French Government wanted to refute the O.A.S. charge of "betrayal" of the *colons*, and the Nationalists were extremely reluctant to create a class of people who might be regarded as especially privileged.

Yet even this thorny issue was settled before M. Joxe went to Paris to report to the General, and M. Krim Belkacem and his friends flew off to Tunis, to report to the Algerian "Provisional Government." One of the Algerians pointed out, however, that it takes more than a cease-fire to make a peace—an observation with which I heartily concur, having had a good deal of experience of the cease-fire negotiated between Israel and her Arab neighbours in 1948-49.



Leaving the Elysée in Paris are M. Buron, Public Works Minister; M. Joxe, Algerian Affairs Minister; M. Debré, Prime Minister; and M. de Broglie, Sahara Minister

A resumption of the conflict would be disastrous for everybody. The French Government will now have to turn its full energies to dealing with O.A.S., in Algeria as much as in Metropolitan France. And the Algerian leaders will have just as firmly to deal with their own extremists. Nobody will claim that either is an easy task.

And hereafter? The five-year transitional period is of the utmost value. The time factor—the rush and swirl to independence—has bedevilled the whole process of liquidating colonialism from the beginning. The calamities that befell the Punjab in August 1947 were the direct result of haste. The Belgian Congo was reduced in a few weeks from orderly prosperity to bloodthirsty chaos, because the Belgians were in a hurry to hand over power and Patrice Lumumba was in an even greater hurry to seize it. British Guiana's case is now parlous, because the Colonial Office on their side, and Dr. Jagan on his, were in a hurry. Life in the new Algeria may not be—is indeed most unlikely to be—easy for the *colons*; but it can perhaps be bearable, if there is a great deal of forgetting and forgiving, by the Muslims as much as by the *colons*.

Supporters of nationalism at all costs will doubtless claim that the long, dreadful struggle has in the end proved to be worth while. This is a facile and a fashionable proposition with which I cannot agree. Nationalism has been, in my view, Europe's most lethal export. I think sadly of all the dead, the maimed and the bereaved; I think of the ugly stains on France's honour, which have given grief to her friends and rejoicing only to her enemies. One more new, possibly powerful, sovereign state is about to be added to the lengthening list of members of the United Nations. As *The Times* remarked last week: "Algeria will be unlike the ordinary run of new states. With a large share in the oil and mineral wealth of the Sahara it will have its own cash resources. This, together with its numerous population and war-hardened army, could make it the most substantial African country north of the Limpopo. Even if the avowed aim of a united North Africa takes some time to implement, the Arab as well as the African pattern is due for a radical change."

These are percipient remarks. Colonel Nasser and President Nkrumah may both look a little askance now at the new State. Each has made a bold (some might say unwarranted) claim to leadership, one of a united Africa, the other of a greater Arab union. Each has been a good deal deflated recently. This is a process which can healthily continue. But even this curiously welcome by-product does not, in my opinion, supply a proper justification for the misery, the wreckage and the cruelty of the war that is now, at last, coming to an end.

Rising from the flat wastes of the Sahara is the towering pillar of fire from an oil well at Gassi-Touil. The well exploded and caught fire last November. For several months it has provided a terrifying spectacle, visible for many miles. Recently an American firm from Houston, specialising in " wild well control," was brought in to put out the flames. Under the cover of water from high-pressure hoses, bulldozers moved near to the well-head. The machines were protected by sheets of corrugated iron and carried more hoses. By this means, the fire-fighters were able to get near enough to the well to set dynamite charges in the hope of blasting the oil outlet shut. (On pages 360-361 is a feature on the potential wealth of the Sahara)

PILLAR OF FIRE IN THE SAHARA

Princess Margaret is greeted by a teacher, Miss E. Nelson, while touring classrooms at St. Paul's Church of England School in Wellclose Square, Stepney, London. The Princess opened a new hall at the school

A corner of the New Library of Christ Church College, Oxford, seen befo single building being renovated by the Oxford Historic Buildings Fund wh an w

A London Newsletter

13-15, JOHN ADAM STREET, W.C.2.

LORD DALTON. Hugh Dalton was certainly a Socialist by conviction from his Cambridge days, and was as certainly a moulder of the Labour Party. Men have sometimes become Socialists from ambition and sometimes from reaction to their upbringing. People who did not know him might have supposed that his was a conversion by reaction. He was educated at Eton (and might well have died in the terrible fire at Kindersley's House). and he was the son of King George V's old tutor and life-long friend. But Canon J. N. Dalton, though he spent so much of his life within the precincts of the Courts of Victoria, Edward VII and George V, was very independent and his letters to his young pupils, Clarence and Prince George, constantly revealed that he was never dazzled by, nor always approving of, the luxury and glamour of their father. He preferred his younger pupil, often chaffing Clarence for his taste in fashionable dress and, though he never broke down the rigid conservatism of George V, he may well have given him an insight into the lives of the working class which led to that King's sympathetic and understanding welcome to the first Labour Government. But J. N. Dalton served his sovereigns loyally. If he failed to educate his pupils to even fifth-form standard, he secured to them a happy childhood and was, like his son, understanding of youth, though his ponderous volumes on the *Bacchante* cruise, issued in 1886, might suggest the pompous pedagogue. But, of course, he had, at that time, two loyalties to serve. When he was installed Canon of Windsor, he was noted for his independence and outspokenness, as he was famous for his dramatic reading of the lessons. Queen Alexandra and Canon Dalton between them taught George V that loyalty was the first virtue alike for kings and commoners, and to the end of his life he remained a close friend of his pupil. It is fair to assume that Hugh Dalton's conviction of the rightness of Socialism was in part acquired under the influence of his father and not in reaction to it.

VOX ET PRAETEREA MULTA. The contrasts in style between Marshall-Hall and Lord Birkett, the greatest criminal advocates of our time, were extraordinary. Birkett was a great criminal lawyer, Marshall-Hall was not. Each could sway a jury, the one by thunder and theatricality battered it to obedience, the other by quiet and persuasive reasoning convinced it of his right judgment. Lord Birkett's influence and authority, inside and outside the courts, convinces me that the greatest assets for any public man who wishes to persuade an audience that his views and opinions are right, are a beautiful voice and a mastery of language. " Democracy " requires that nowadays we must listen to the voices of the shop steward on the factory floor and of the " man in the street " (voices worse confounded usually by the clanging of machines and the roar of traffic) and these staccato utterances, punctuated with " well, I mean," " you know," " definitely," and so on, so far from persuading, are a pain in the neck, even to the semi-educated. A beautiful voice may be in part a gift of the gods, though it is open to us all to improve our voices. The power of quiet, clear self expression can nowadays be acquired by men and women in every walk of life, however busy, if they would devote less time to football, dogs, pools and television and more to paper-back classics. Lord Birkett was self-educated in that asset. Actors with beautiful voices are specially favoured. They can use that natural gift by wedding it to the language of the greatest masters. No one who heard Ainley as Romeo or Arthur Wontner as Buckingham would question that advantage. But, whether a man of ambition be a trade union official, a demagogue, an advertising agent, a national leader, a Member of Parliament or a preacher, he will do well to train himself, as Lord Birkett never ceased to do, to learn the beauty and the clarity inherent in the English language. He will find that the combination of a quiet voice and the apt choice of words is worth all the thunder and invective of tub-thumpers. What Lord Birkett achieved is to some extent within the range of thousands, who, if they took a leaf from his book, could make dialectic civilised again and controversy less blatant and boring than it has become. The truth itself might prevail again if bureaucrats abandoned gobbledegook, if scientists used intelligible words, and ministers and their bill-drafters learned to say what they mean, if anything.

MONDAY'S CHILD. " Fears " that the Conservative Party is " splitting at the seams " have been expressed by the Opposition and vigorously denied by supporters of the Premier.

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after restoration. This is the largest and most expensive s launched in 1957 to help restore buildings over a 10-year period

At a ceremony at Tower Pier, London, Lady Hoare, the Lady Mayoress of London, re-names the Coastal Minesweeper H.M.S. *Buttington* as H.M.S. *Thames*. This is the traditional name of the training ship of R.N.R., London Division

A group of leaders of the Boys' Scheme of the Duke of Edinburgh's Award head their whaler back to Captain Scott's old ship H.M.S. *Discovery* on the Thames. They attended a course of lectures and practical work there last week

The Premier is an acknowledged champion of a free society and can only welcome, logically, full freedom to criticise among his party and backbenchers; and full advantage has been taken of that freedom. Perhaps the Cabinet considers that freedom has of late become licence, and not only in the Party ranks. " They say " that secret plans are being made to curb backbench criticism by letting the rank and file of Tory M.P.s a little more into the mysteries of Government policy and so, by preliminary explanation and persuasion, to make them partners in, and not critics of, policies put into practice. Ginger-groups and splinter-parties are to be drawn back to the fold and be folded under one shepherd. Indeed, the process has begun. It is a sensible decision at the climacteric of an administration, and unfortunate that the secret plans to close the ranks should coincide with the formation of a new splinter-group. The " Monday club," under Lord Salisbury's presidency, has come into being to counter the advanced thought of the Bow Group and " to keep the Conservative Party Conservative." Wobbling, distracted voters have heard too long the criticism that the Tories caught the Socialists bathing and stole their clothes. However, Monday's child will not have to start altogether from scratch. The Government may wear the overcoats of the Socialists, but underneath can still be seen items of the satisfactory haberdashery of the Age of Privilege.

HONOUR THY FATHER? The practice of authors of " making capital " out of the eccentricities or frailties of their fathers is no new fashion. There is a famous incident of that kind recorded in the Old Testament, which was not the work of literary men. But in more recent times literary men have caught on to the idea and have been pretty well paid for their impiety. Butler, in *The Way of all Flesh*, guyed his father as Pontifex Major with lasting success, and Gosse, in *Father and Son*, made some more civilised capital out of his zoologist father, Philip. Several other authors caught the idea and Sir Osbert Sitwell has exposed his eccentric sire, Sir George, almost to the buff in a series of entertaining books of reminiscences which prove that fathers are winning cards for satirists and bring out inherited wit as nothing else can. But there is something to be said for fathers. Without them, certainly, literary sons might doubtless be less entertaining, but, more surely, without them the supply of authors, entertaining or boring, would quickly dry up. And there is another danger in making capital (of all kinds) out of one's parent. There is something in heredity; and a parent, whose eccentricities are magnified and publicised by his children, may get his own back in quick time. For the book which guys him, may suggest that he has handed on his *damnosa hereditas* of eccentricity to his children and may magnify an inherited characteristic which perpetuates the giggles it inspires, for another generation. Apart from impiety, it would seem to be straightforward common sense *not* to advertise one's descent from a comic parent. *Timeo patres et dona ferentes.*

DIRECTORS' BATTLE. Although I am a very modest shareholder in both I.C.I. and Courtaulds, I view with puzzle and annoyance the battle between my distinguished Boards in this boa-constrictor war. After all, I am a " proprietor " of both concerns and dislike being treated as an infant, incapable of thinking for myself. I expect my Boards, whom I pay for their trouble, by economies and wise decisions, to improve my businesses and preserve their stability. When they pour out my money in printings on glossy paper, which cost 6d. an envelope, and bombard me with promises of what they can one day do to double my profits and advise me to swallow or be swallowed in my own interests, I conclude that they would be better employed in getting on with the work for which I pay them. They should suffer me to decide for myself on the state of my businesses today and not outbid each other at my expense with Golconda visions of tomorrow. I also observe that the more golden they paint the prospects, the more immediate and the stiffer are the demands from the employees for a greater share in the cake which is not yet baked. The " soldiers battle " in the Peninsular War was gloriously fought out by the rank and file without direction from brass-hats. This battle in the City is fought out between generals without the help of their troops—and it does not seem to me at all glorious.

THE OLD STAGER

In the dance at the gym, the Jets' side of the hall is the scene of a wild and athletic jive. Right are Graziella (Gina Trikonis) and Riff (Russ Tamblyn)

ENTERTAINMENT

WEST SIDE STORY

Now at the Astoria Cinema

The Jets in the streets they feel they own. From left are Baby John (Eliot Feld), Ice (Tucker Smith), A-Rab (David Winters), Tiger (David Bean), Riff, and Action (Tony Mordente)

At the war council between the two gangs at Doc's drugstore, Tony (Richard Beymer), left, stares at Bernardo (George Chakiris), leader of the Puerto Ricans

Anita (Rita Moreno) sings about "America"

The Jets in " Gee, Officer Krupke," express their sardonic view of those in authority. Centre is Anybody's (Sue Oakes)

Despite all the superlatives accorded it, *West Side Story* has not brought about a theatrical revolution, London still gets its supply of manufactured, saccharine-sweet dream musicals from Broadway, and this electrically tense and superbly integrated drama of teenage gang war remains a unique phenomenon in stage history. The non-revolution may be sad but happily *West Side* is in London again, accorded the honour of being this year's Royal Film. It loses very little in comparison with the stage version and in some major respects is an improvement. Credit for this is due to the film's directors, Robert Wise and Jerome Robbins, who have realised the cinema's potential for heightened reality. Perhaps the key sequence is the prologue, filmed on location in New York. The members of the Jets gang move, at first casual and experimental, then leaping and triumphant, as they dance through the deserted streets of their " territory." From this electrifying start, the musical never lets up. All the remembered big numbers come over with renewed zest and attack.

Robbins was the driving inspiration behind the creation of *West Side*. His genius in translating in dance terms the movements and aspirations of modern youth was the force which integrated the elements of story, words, music and dance. For the first time on the screen, dance has been performed and photographed as if it were a natural means of expression. *West Side* is the story of the rivalry between two teenage gangs, the native Jets and the immigrant Sharks. Its plot is a simplified version of *Romeo and Juliet*, and its end is tragic. The book by Arthur Laurents and the lyrics by Stephen Sondheim have been criticised as sociologically wishy-washy, perhaps unavoidable in terms of the musical. But Leonard Bernstein's music and, above all, Robbins' choreography and direction lift the film above this kind of criticism.

The hoodlums, brilliantly acted by an outstanding cast, are sympathetic because in their lyrical, athletic dancing and sardonically pointed songs, they present the inarticulated possibilities of the " socially diseased juvenile delinquent." In the youthful cast, Natalie Wood, Rita Moreno, George Chakiris and Russ Tamblyn give performances which have made them highly sought after. The film, in Panavision 70 and Technicolor, is released by United Artists.

Jolyon Wimhurst

" I feel pretty "—Maria (Natalie Wood) and Anita in the bridal shop. **Right:** Members of the rival gangs go into battle. **Below:** Watched by Jets and Sharks, the rival gang leaders, Bernardo and Riff, circle each other warily in the final knife fight

THE VOICE OF THE COMMON

Indian troops of the 3rd Battalion, 1st Gurkhas, in the U.N. Force, arrive at Elisabethville airfield. Gurkhas played an important part in the two battles of Elisabethville last September and December

Nigerian policemen in the U.N. force *en route* for the port of Matadi

A member of the Canadian contingent.

Right: Brigadier Rikhye of India, Military Adviser in the Congo from August 1960 to February 1961

THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE CONGO

Vital contribution to the U.N. Force

An important and little-emphasised factor in the United Nations' effort in the Congo is the vital contribution which Commonwealth countries have made and are making to both the civil and military sides of the operation. This is especially marked on the military side, where, according to the most recent list (January 31) of strengths of troop contingents and other units, almost two-thirds of the U.N. Force of 16,500 are from Commonwealth members. Similarly two-thirds of the combatant troops are Commonwealth. Since the operation began in July 1960, every Commonwealth country, except Tanganyika, has had nationals serving with the U.N. Congo force in some capacity. It is expected that Tanganyika, which only became independent last December, will also make a contribution. Listed below are short summaries of the part played by the different Commonwealth countries on the military side. Of countries not mentioned below, Australia and New Zealand have had personnel with the U.N. in the past, and Britain has officers with the contingents from Nigeria, Sierra Leone and Malaya. Although the troops have here been broken down into national contingents, it must be emphasised that technically they become international troops as soon as they leave their native soil. It is a tribute to the force of the idea of the Commonwealth as an international concept that Commonwealth countries should have responded so well to the needs of the U.N. in the undertaking of this difficult supranational experiment.

CANADA

Present strength 295. Supremely important for their numbers. Have been there since August 1960. All Army personnel within framework of 57th Canadian Signals Unit. Communications experts are in small detachments of ten or twelve in most military centres, such as Stanleyville, Elisabethville and Kamina; consequently have been in front line of trouble, although non-combatant. Also staff officers at U.N. Headquarters, and a food service section. Men from the Royal Canadian Provost Corps, usefully bi-lingual, share the task of being military policemen with the Danes. Contingent includes twenty-six airmen with supply planes, which kept the Katanga force going last autumn.

CEYLON

Present strength 13. Also arrived with the original force in the late summer of 1960. A small group of staff officers, mainly on operations side in the H.Q. of U.N. forces in Leopoldville. A major from Ceylon was, for a time, chief of military information.

GHANA

Present strength 659. Had the distinction, with the Tunisians, of being the first U.N. troops to arrive on July 15, 1960. Originally three battalions and a brigade H.Q., also policemen, totalling over 2,000. The police maintained a high reputation from the early days. They were later withdrawn, as were two battalions. For a time, at the end of 1961, the contingent was withdrawn completely, but one battalion of infantry returned last January. Suffered the heaviest loss at one blow of any contingent, when forty-two men were massacred in April 1961, during unrest at Port-Francqui, in Kasai Province.

INDIA

Present strength 5,826. Largest contingent in Congo and largest number of combatants. A small force of over 300 men have been there since September 1960. These numbers were considerably increased in April 1961, after Mr. Hammarskjold's appeal for reinforcements following withdrawals at the time of Lumumba's death. Three battalions from crack regiments: 3rd Battalion, 1st Gurkha Regiment; 2nd Battalion (Mooltan), Jat Regiment; and 1st Battalion, Dogra Regiment. These are well spread out, and have played an essential military part. Gurkhas were vital in the two battles of Elisabethville, September and December 1961. Losses in the fighting were fourteen killed in September, and seven in December, with thirty-five casualties. No. 5 Squadron Indian Air Force, with six Canberra Interdictors (the centre of the bombs controversy in Britain last December) have been at U.N. Fighter/Bomber Operations H.Q. at Luluabourg since September. India has also contributed supply services, and a military hospital serving all U.N. forces, now withdrawn.

MALAYA

Present strength 1,471. Men from 4th Battalion of the Royal Malay Regiment and 2nd Reconnaissance Squadron of Armoured Cars. Have been there since November 1960. Reinforced in April 1961. Situated

WEALTH

mainly round Kindu, the capital of the troubled area of Kivu. Experts in the terrain from their own experiences of jungle warfare. Highly praised for their ability to work well with the local population; have been helping to train the Congolese Police Force. Composed of Malays, Chinese and Indians, which causes problems of delivery of rations.

NIGERIA

Present strength 1,686. 2nd and 3rd Battalions of the Queen's Own Nigeria Regiment, some police, with services and brigade staff arrived in November 1960, soon after Nigerian independence. These were replaced recently by the 1st and 5th Battalions. Stationed in South Kasai, North Katanga and Kivu, all difficult and semi-anarchic areas, where Major Lawson, who is with the Nigerian contingent, performed his recent rescue operations. Some losses, such as the one dead, four missing, when garrison of 200 at Kintu was besieged by 2,500 Lumumbists.

PAKISTAN

Present strength 576. All transport, ordnance and service corps, and like all such, play a not very glamorous, but highly important role. Have been there since late summer of 1960. Mainly in the Leopoldville area and at the Kamina base. They have a habit of winning most of the inter-contingent sporting events, such as hockey and basketball.

SIERRA LEONE

Present strength 115. One company of infantry from the Royal Sierra Leone Military Force. The most recent contingent arrived in January. A band with the company is greatly appreciated by the Congolese.

A member of the force of police assigned by Ghana to the U.N. in 1960

The items in "The Voice of the Commonwealth" are contributed and do not necessarily reflect the views of the Editor of "The Sphere"

Below: Malayan troops man a light armoured car in a Leopoldville street

The Duke of Gloucester inspects a parade of African ex-servicemen of the Wakamba tribe at Machakos, 40 miles east of Nairobi, in Kenya. Also on parade were men serving in the King's African Rifles. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester are on a three-week visit to Kenya

ON TOUR

Members of the Royal Family in Kenya, Malta and the West Indies

The Duke meets ex-Sergeant-major Hamis Juma at Machakos. **Right:** The Duchess with citizens of Nairobi

The Duke of Gloucester lays a wreath at the foot of the Commonwealth Air Forces Memorial in Valletta. The Duke visited Malta before going to Kenya

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, speaks at the graduation ceremony of the University College of the West Indies, of which she is Chancellor. Left is Dr. Lewis, the College's Principal. Princess Alice is widow of the Earl of Athlone, a former Governor-General of South Africa and Canada

The Duke of Edinburgh is shown round the Carabobo Monument, 80 miles from Caracas, during his visit to Venezuela. He saw the site of the battle in which a revolutionary force under Bolivar, with British Volunteers taking part, fought against the Spanish to gain independence

In Venezuela, Prince Philip receives the scroll of the Freedom of the City of Maracaibo from the Mayor, Señor Efimio Mentiel Parra

PRINCE PHILIP IN SOUTH AMERICA

Moving anti-clockwise round the Continent of South America, the Duke of Edinburgh is half-way through his long and exhaustive tour, which passes through British Guiana, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia and Chile. Perhaps the chief impression to be gained from the visit is the inexhaustible variety of the various countries, with their fascinating range of national characteristics, climates, scenery and social and industrial developments. Prince Philip's many engagements, while enabling him to talk to the leaders of the various countries, have also permitted him to meet the people in the street and in the countryside, to see something of the history of the republics and industrial factories and plants.

Much of the history of the republics in the north-west part of the continent is bound up with the career of Simon Bolivar, the Great Liberator. Born at Caracas, in Venezuela, in 1783, Bolivar led revolutionary forces against the Spanish in Venezuela; the territories now Colombia; Ecuador; and Peru. His name is revered in South America and Prince Philip laid wreaths in his memory in Maracaibo, Carabobo and Bogota. Among British industrial developments seen by Prince Philip during the early part of his tour were the Reckitts and Colmans' factory and site of the Rootes' assembly plant in Venezuela, and the Thomas de la Rue factory, the Glaxo factory and Austin Colmotores assembly plant in Colombia.

C

During the early days of his South American tour, Prince Philip looks at the bauxite mines at Mackenzie, British Guiana

Prince Philip rides in the first vehicle to come off the assem
newly-built Austin Colmotores factory at Bogota, the Co

PRINCE PHILIP IN SOUTH AMERICA

Inspecting products at the Glaxo factory at Bogota, Colombia

The Duke pilots his Dart Herald on the flight from Bogota to Cartagena

In Bogota, the Duke of Edinburgh talks to schoolgirls at the Anglo-Colombian School, watched by a cl

line of the
ian capital

Walking towards the Bolivar statue in Bogota, Prince Philip is flanked by the Foreign Minister of Colombia, Dr. Caicedo Castilla (left), and the British Ambassador, Mr. A. S. Fordham

packed crowd of other pupils

A large crowd watches the Duke arrive at the Gold Museum of the State Bank, Bogota, to be shown gold figures of Indian manufacture

BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

DURHAM—CITY ON A HILL

Durham Citty stands on a great hill the middle part much higher than the rest; the Cathedrall and the Castle (which is the Pallace) with the Colledge and all the houses of the Doctors of the Churches houses is altogether built of stone and all encompass'd with a wall full of battlements above the walke, and this is about the middle of the hill which is a round hill and a steep descent into the rest of the town, where is the market place which is a very spacious place and a very faire Town Hall on stone pillars and a very large Cunduite; from this all the streets are in a pretty greate descent to the river which looks very pleasant by meanes of its turning and winding to and agen; and so there are 3 large stone Bridges with severall arches apiece.

The description is that of Celia Fiennes and was written at the end of the seventeenth century. It would serve as a very fair description of Durham today, at least of central Durham, for the town has, of course, spread outwards. And that, when you consider the lapse of time, is remarkable. The city's situation has been its great protection. To quote Celia Fiennes again, " the Citty stands on a great rise of ground and is a mile and halfe in length; the river runs almost round the town and returns againe that casts the Citty into a tryangular." You could say that today the essential Durham is still a mile and a half in length, huddled in the deep valley along the winding Wear.

Strangely enough, William Cobbett, who toured this part of the country in 1832, though he wrote a good deal about the county, ignored the City altogether. What struck him most about the county of Durham, about all this north-eastern part of England, was its emptiness. " Only look," he writes, " at the two counties of Dorset and Durham. Dorset contains 1,005 square miles; Durham contains 1,061 square miles. Dorset has 271 parishes; Durham has 75 parishes. The population of Dorset is scattered over the whole of the county, there being no town of any magnitude in it. The population of Durham, though larger than that of Dorset, is almost all gathered together at the mouths of the Tyne, the Wear and the Tees." I do not know how the numbers of parishes in the two counties compare today, but it is still true that the population of County Durham, though now about five times that of Dorset, is almost all gathered together at the mouths of the rivers.

The county of Durham is one of the least-known parts of England. I think that this must hold good for the majority of Durham people too, for if you ask them where they go for a weekend or a day off the answer always seems to be Scarborough or Newcastle! Most motorists going to Scotland either turn westwards at Scotch Corner or cling to A1 ignoring the countryside on either hand. People do not go to Durham for holidays as they go to the Lake District, the Peak District, the Dales, or to Devon or Cornwall. True, from the Scottish expresses you get a glimpse of Durham Cathedral (one of the most improbable views in Europe). So Durham Cathedral means something to a vast number of people. But the expresses do not stop. Durham, certainly the county, remains virtually unknown.

It is a pity: because, between Tees and Tyne is an extraordinary mixture of magnificence and squalor. Northward from Ferryhill to Sunderland, South Shields, Gateshead and Consett there is a dreary succession of ugly mining villages and straggling towns. The temptation is to ignore all this; a temptation which should be resisted, for here and there are traces of former glory. Chester-le-Street, for example, now depressingly ugly, was once the seat of a bishopric (in the years of the wandering of St. Cuthbert's coffin after the sack of Lindisfarne) and boasts a splendid collegiate church.

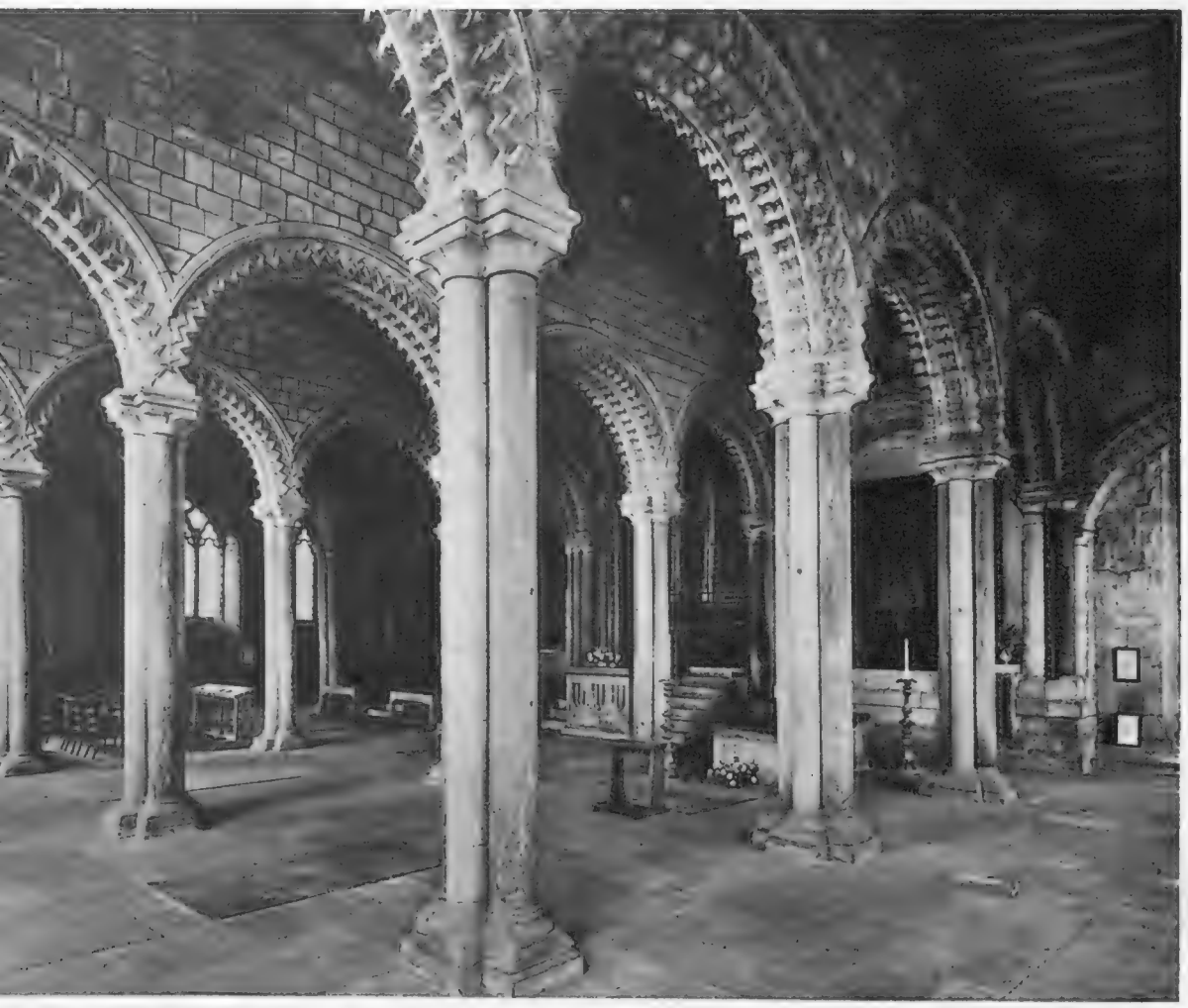
The fact is that, if you are prepared to take the rough with the smooth, you will find great beauty still in the narrow wooded gorge-like valleys and the rich pastures which were the home of the famous red-and-white cow, the shorthorn, standing cheek by jowl with the tips and the furnaces. In the western part of the county, up towards High Force, there is country as wildly beautiful as you will find anywhere in England.

But the City of Durham is the jewel of the county: one of the foremost jewels of England, a great experience for those who understand architecture and even for those, who like myself do not, a romantic experience second to none. But Durham must be discovered at close quarters. You can get wonderful distant views of Salisbury, Wells, Ely, Lincoln. You cannot of Durham: though built on a hill the surrounding uplands enclose it. You must go down into the town in order to receive the full impact of that magnificent group of buildings, set on a bold cliff almost encircled by the Wear.

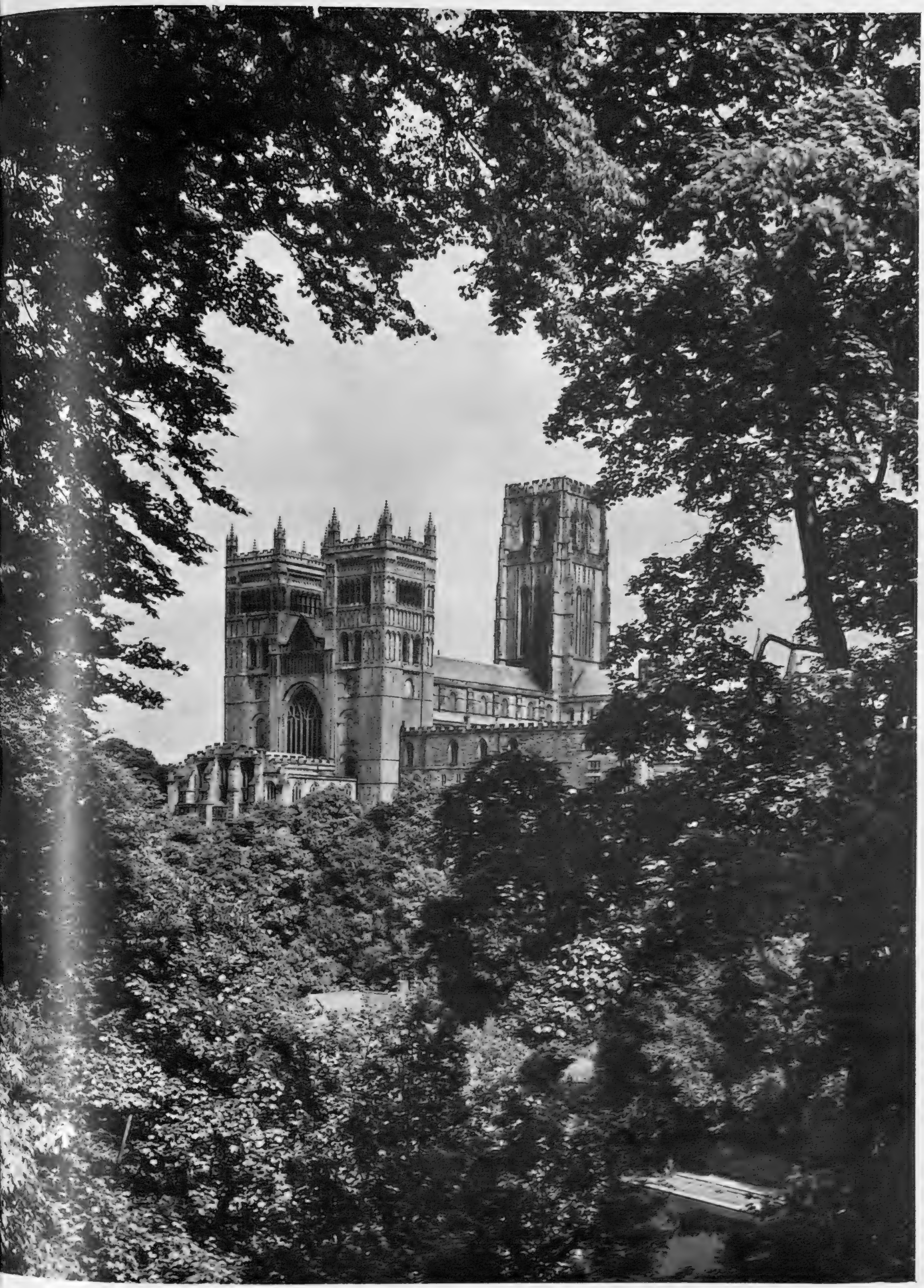
To see that at its best and most impressive you should follow the river's course from bridge to bridge. Only thus, and particularly from the weir below Framwellgate and the bend by Elvet bridge can you appreciate to the full the immense height of the three great towers, the immense strength of the crouching castle. Only thus can you appreciate how steep is the ascent from either of the two medieval bridges to the Market Place, into which streets no wider than country lanes pour a continual stream of traffic, controlled (with the aid of television) by a policeman in a little glass pagoda. Durham is busy enough in all conscience, but the impression of busy-ness, of ceaseless activity, is heightened because the streets are so narrow that they are always packed with hurrying pedestrians and crawling vehicles: so narrow that the petrol fumes seem unable to escape.

Yet Durham has preserved its distinctive character, largely due to the fact that most of the large new buildings have some connection with the University. So the Market Place comes as all the greater a shock. By comparison with cathedral and collegiate Durham, the civic centre of the city is most disappointing. " The Town Hall on stone pillars " has been succeeded by a nineteenth-century building in the Gilbert Scott manner and with the exception of the National Provincial Bank, which is dignified, the buildings all around are undistinguished, a conglomerate of indifferent masonry.

But the Market Place would be, if not a " very spacious place," still a fairly spacious place—and crowded Durham has need of such —were it not that right in the middle, taking up the maximum amount of space, is the third Marquess of Londonderry, in uniform complete with shako, mounted on a prancing horse and apparently leaving the public lavatory. In a crowded city in which space is of necessity at a premium a statue such as this seems, to say the least of it, to be out of place.



The Galilee chapel of Durham Cathedral. It was added to the West Front of the Cathedral in 1175



The Cathedral at Durham seen through trees from the south-west. It is impressively sited on a high bluff overlooking the River Wear *(Photographs by A. F. Kersting)*

A signpost in the Sahara near the Hoggar Mountains. The desert stretches for hundreds of miles in all directions. Underground there may be great wealth

El Golea, 400 miles to

POTENTIAL WEALTH OF THE SAHARA

During the negotiations for the cease-fire in Algeria it was known that one of the trickiest points would be the future exploitation of the mineral wealth of the Sahara. The bulk of the vast desert lies in Algeria. It also stretches into Mauritania, Mali, Niger, Chad, Libya and Morocco. In the west there is Spanish Sahara and in the east Egypt and Sudan can claim their shares. The full area of the Sahara is some 2,500,000 sq. miles, but the total population is reckoned to be no more than 2,000,000. These inhabitants are very unevenly distributed. Because it is possible to live only where there is water, nine-tenths of the desert is uninhabited.

There are ranges of mountains such as the Tibesti in Chad (with peaks of well over 11,000 ft.), the Hoggar of Algeria, and the Adrar in Mali. Otherwise the surface, subject to intense erosion, is only slightly diversified. Yet it presents different aspects: vast plains swept by the winds are called *regs*; regions of dunes or *ergs* often look like a succession of waves—some are fixed, others are moved by the wind. Cliffs, known variously as *bâten*, *dhar*, *kreb* or *tarai*, rise sometimes to 2,500 ft. and can extend for several hundreds of miles. Finally there are enclosed saucer-like basins called *chotts*, *dayas* or *sebkhas*.

The scarcity of water and the small size of cultivable areas have curtailed Saharan agricultural production. Grain is grown and some stock is raised, but only dates are produced in sufficient quantity to be exported. Another factor holding back development has been transport. Until comparatively recently the camel was the only "ship of the desert." Now the motor-car and the aeroplane have opened areas for exploration which were previously inaccessible. An air service has transformed El Golea into a tourist centre.

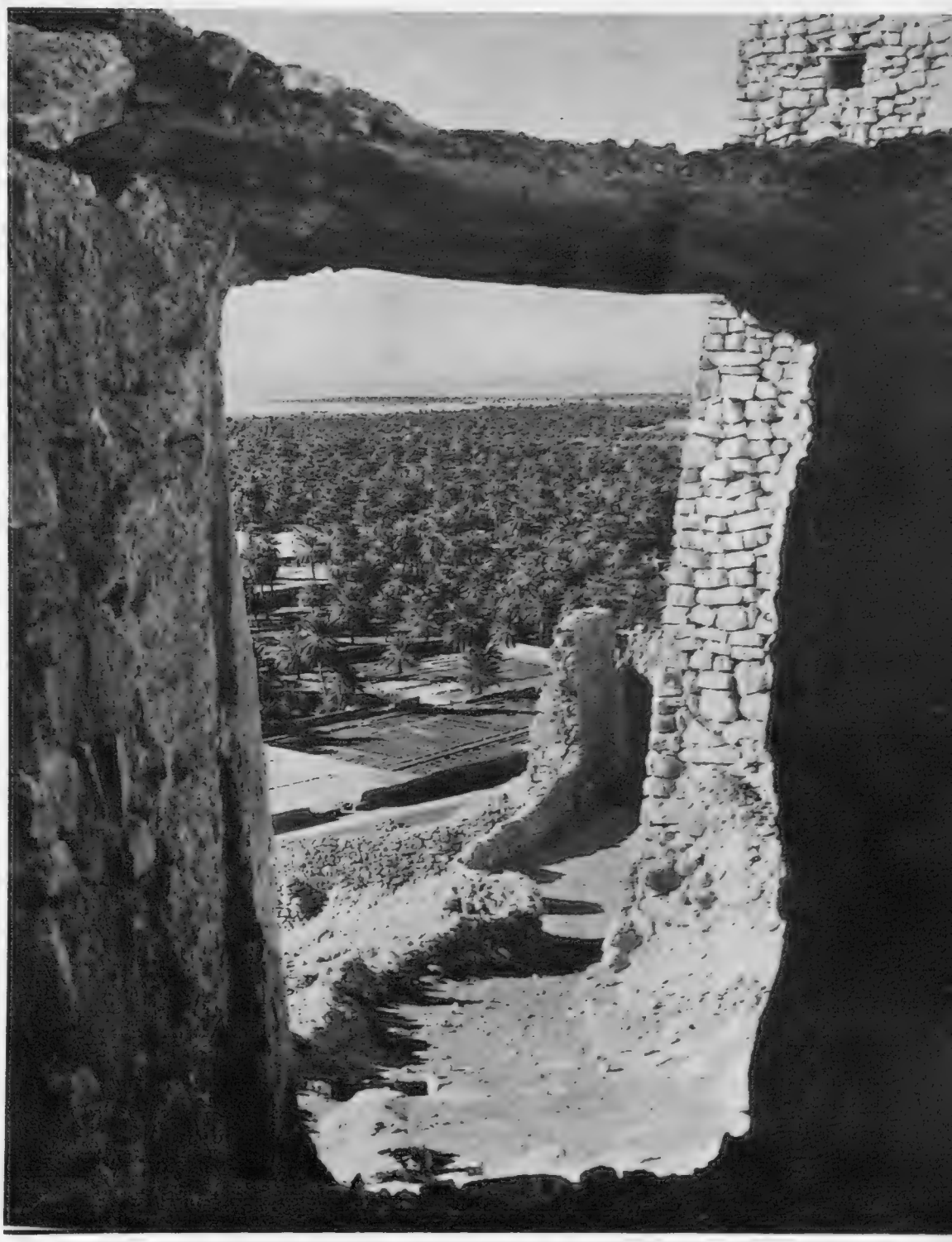
Surveyors have found oil, coal, lead, manganese, copper and tin and the commercial exploitation of some of them has started. In Algeria two large oilfields—one at Hassi Messaoud, the other at Edjele—have been in production for four years. Pipelines run from them to the coast. Natural gas is also being piped from Algerian Sahara.

Seven years of civil war has ruined Algeria economically. The exploitation of the potential wealth of the Sahara will greatly help in the Algerian economic recovery. But the presence of wealth under the desert sand brings its political problems to North Africa. The belief that there is oil in Mauritania and Spanish Sahara is thought to have been one of the motives behind the Moroccan claim to those territories.

The Hoggar Mountains are in the far south of the desert. Some of the peaks are 8,000 ft. high. The erode

south of Algiers, is an exotic oasis. It is dominated by the old Berber fort *Le Vieux, Ksar*, built 900 years ago. The town has an air service to Algiers and Paris

pes of the crags give the impression of mountains on the moon



Another view of El Golea—looking out from the Berber fort across the palm trees to the sand beyond

TRAVEL

HOLIDAY IN HESSE

By GORDON COOPER

The greater part of the State of Hesse, which lies on the eastern side of the Federal Republic of West Germany, is practically unknown to British visitors, yet it contains some interesting towns, has an attractive countryside, and still offers the spectacle of traditional costumes in everyday use.

There is only one large city: Kassel. The rebuilding of this badly-bombed centre has been done on imaginative lines. Its Friedrichsplatz is the largest square of any German city. Its municipal art gallery has an outstanding collection of Dutch and Italian masters. And on the outskirts there is Wilhelmshöhe, a magnificent park—one of the finest in Europe—with many exotic trees and plants; also an historical palace which houses one of the few Wallpaper Museums in the world. I found it fascinating. Some of the older wallpapers are of elaborate design and in lovely colours: included in the collection are hangings in leather, silk brocade and velvet, and some superb examples of Chinese hand-painted papers dating from the 17th and 18th centuries.

The market place at Fritzlar, in Northern Hesse, has a sixteenth-century statue of a knight

On the hill-top summit of this park there is a colossal statue of Hercules (the emblem of Kassel) from which a great cascade falls (the waters are turned on on certain days). Nearby is the luxury Schloss Hotel. In the city itself I lodged comfortably in the new Park Hotel.

West of Kassel is the rococo palace of Wilhelmsthal, one of the most pleasing examples of 18th-century architecture. Also easily reached on excursions, through a beautiful and serene countryside, are the Habichtswald, the Reinhardswald, Meissner, the Kaufunger Forest and the idyllic Fulda valley. A peaceful atmosphere prevails in the

The castle at Marburg, seen from the south-west. Right: Wilhelmshöhe Castle, in Kassel

Refreshments on the terrace of Waldeck Castle high over the Eder See. The castle is now an hotel

old Hessian towns and villages, with their half-timbered houses as a characteristic feature.

Three medieval towns which should not be missed during a tour of northern Kurhessen are Fritzlar (with a Basilica with art treasures, and an interesting museum—you can lunch well, too, at the Hotel Nagel); Homberg (medieval houses, and a fine Gothic church); and Melsungen (half-timbered houses, an attractive town hall with a performing clock on its summit, and an ancient bridge over the Fulda). The Hotel Linden Lust on the outskirts is a pleasant spot in which to lodge or to dawdle over a meal.

Elsewhere in Hesse, places of interest include Treysa, Fulda and Marburg. Treysa is a beautiful little town with medieval town hall and half-timbered buildings. I turned up there one night and was taken to a village dance; I thought at first that the dancers were wearing fancy dress, but they were in their ordinary everyday clothes. The children especially looked very quaint, with small box hats perched on their heads and long black streamers falling down to their waists, behind.

Fulda has a splendid baroque cathedral, built in 1712, and it is rich in stuccos and dome paintings. Also in this town is St. Michael's Church, which is a rotunda and the second oldest church in Germany. Mention must be made of the Orangery, a gem of the court-style of baroque, situated in the beautiful palace park. There is much else of interest to see in this attractive town.

Marburg is a pleasing university town standing on a hillside and dominated by an outstanding Gothic and Renaissance palace. Its chapel and banqueting hall, both dating from the late 13th century, are magnificent. Also of importance in this town is St. Elizabeth's Church, the first Gothic building on German soil, constructed by the Teutonic Order and containing the golden shrine of St. Elizabeth: a centre of pilgrimages. There are some fine 13th-century windows, while the church contains the remains of President von Hindenburg and his wife.

While not actually in Kurhessen, but close to its border and to Kassel, there is Hannoversch-Munden (Lower Saxony), an enchanting medieval town which Alexander von Humboldt, the world traveller, declared was one of the most beautiful and romantic towns on earth; and here, too, is the tomb of the famous Dr. Eisenbart, an amusing medical charlatan of the early 18th century. This town is also the terminus of a delightful river journey, by steamer, which leads through a lovely countryside to Hamelin, the "Pied Piper's Town," while among the interesting stopping-places is Bodenwerder, the home (now a museum) of the incredible "tall-story" Baron Munchausen. This river trip takes a day if going down-stream.

Waldeck, which lies west of Kassel and borders on to the Sauerland, is today part of Kurhessen. The hilly landscape of this small district is very pleasing, and it will appeal especially to walkers, cyclists and motorists seeking pastures new. Its small resorts include Willingen, Rhenegge (Hotel Sonnenhof rec.), Waldeck, with its castle (now an hotel) overlooking the large Eder See, an important reservoir with facilities for anglers and boating and Bad Wildungen (Europaischer Hof rec.), a pleasant spa with a fine golf course and a famous altar-piece in its church.

Korbach in the heart of Waldecker Land certainly merits a visit. This old Hansa town possesses some fine medieval houses, while adjoining its Gothic Killianskirche (fine porch, rich interior) is a remarkable and most moving War Memorial chapel. Not far from Korbach is Mengeringhausen, an attractive village, while farther on is Arolsen, former residence of the Princes of Waldeck-Pyrmont. The palace (open to visitors) is a fine example of German baroque and its interior is interesting. The town still retains the character of a small residence-town, and it has some fine oak avenues and wooded surroundings.

In this peaceful corner of Germany, good hotel accommodation is available, including some hotels in ancient castles. There are youth hostels and facilities for campers. The rail and bus connections provide satisfactory conditions for a circular tour, but the motorist will most conveniently get off the beaten track.

For further information, apply to the German Tourist Information Bureau, 61 Conduit Street, W.1.

BOOKS

REMEMBERING SIR GEORGE

Sir Osbert Sitwell's portrait of his father; Sir Compton Mackenzie on courage; and this week's fiction

Sir Osbert Sitwell has written about his father, the unpredictable Sir George, often before and his five-volume autobiography, *Left Hand, Right Hand*, does contain an unforgettable portrait, built up in successive touches, of this bizarre personage. Now, in his new book, TALES MY FATHER TAUGHT ME (Hutchinson. 25s.), Sir Osbert has still more to tell about him and about their relationship, which had its measure of pride and affection. "An exceptional man and an exceptional parent" his son has called him and every page of this brilliant, sensitive and witty book more than justifies the words. One of Sir George's greatest passions was for the laying out of gardens, always on the grand scale, and, by the same token, he was apt to disapprove of the designs of others—"such a pity not to have consulted *me*" was a favourite dictum. His country seat in the Midlands or his estate near Florence was perpetually being changed, improved or embellished but he travelled to other places too, often with the author, and enjoyed his visits to Monte Carlo, although he never entered the Casino and once remarked that the buildings there had "a most objectionable gaiety about them."

Looking at his grandson asleep in a perambulator one day, Sir George said, in a sentimental voice: "I do hope that they won't forget to teach the little man to sing after dinner. Nothing makes a man so popular," and then objected when his son explained that if a man tried to sing after dinner nowadays he would be more likely to be lynched than applauded. He was never loth to give advice, as unconventional as it was well meant. For instance, when Sir Osbert was about to visit America, his father warned him against two things. "Never," he said, "play with a dead cat, and above all never make friends with a monkey." There are some superb anecdotes and each one seems to illustrate a different facet of an extraordinary character. One learns a great deal that is diverting and sometimes touching about Sir George, but one learns, too, about the author that, in addition to being the fine writer we know, he was also a very fine son.

ON MORAL COURAGE (Collins. 25s.), by Sir Compton Mackenzie, is a study of a subject which for many years has interested the author greatly and being the writer he is, witty, whole-hearted and controversial, it need hardly be added that his book reflects these characteristics in no mean measure. Sir Compton has devoted the greater part of the work to examples of the most admirable moral courage in action and has instanced many cases in which people he knew, such as D. H. Lawrence, Conan Doyle, Oscar Wilde and Lady Mountbatten, were concerned. But he has also taken evidence from the lives and behaviour of many more relatively obscure people and, typically again, has devoted much of his book to an examination of moral cowardice. This is an exceptional book, likely to provide discussion points for months, even years to come.

OVER MY SHOULDER (Hogarth Press. 15s.) is a brief and delightful volume of autobiography covering her Victorian childhood, by Miss Marjorie Beach Telling. Daughter of the vicarage, but a vicarage with a difference since it was in the gift of the then Duke of Beaufort and an impressive, almost beautiful building, the author grew up with a taste for writing, an appreciation of the comic, the kindly and the traditional, and, as we can gratefully acknowledge, with a remarkably clear, retentive memory.

TWISTS at the Arts Theatre. In a scene from the revue by Stephen Vinaver and Carl Davis are Anton Rodgers, Riggs O'Hara, Ann Beach and Fenella Fielding

A week or two ago I wrote enthusiastically about Dr. Lilly's book on dolphins and I find that some of his findings are included in a splendid new publication, THE NERVE OF SOME ANIMALS (Gollancz. 21s.), which deals with the cleverness and the astonishing adaptability of wild animals as various as camels, jaguars, rats, bears and, of course, horses. Mr. Robert Froman writes with humour and charm, and his book, with its wonderful stories, is fascinating reading.

Twelve years ago a well-organised band of robbers stole the record-breaking sum of two and a half million dollars from a currency transport firm, divided the booty, baffled the police and were brought to justice a mere five days before the statute of limitations on such felonies expired, and then only through the confession of one of their number. THE GREAT BRINK'S HOLD-UP (Gollancz. 21s.) is Mr. Sid Feder's minutely detailed history of this amazing case. POISON AND ADELAIDE BARTLETT (Hutchinson. 25s.), on the other hand, deals with the case of a Victorian murder and the strange course of justice during the trial. Mrs. Yseult Bridges has treated the story of a poisoned husband and a possibly guilty wife and lover without sensationalism, other than that inherent in the case, and has succeeded in writing a story with as much suspense and, indeed, as much excitement as one would find in many a thriller.

It is always a delight (no matter what the cynical view of reviewers may be) to read a first novel which is not only enjoyable in itself but shows a talent and a promise for the future. This week there are two such books, both by

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TO THE BRINK

A reassessment of John Foster Dulles

John Foster Dulles remained a controversial figure to the end of his life, and he will always be remembered for the statement that "the ability to get to the verge (of war) without getting into war is the necessary art . . . . if you are scared to get to the brink you are lost." The controversy that raged after the all-too-plain utterance of these ideas on "brinkmanship" shed world limelight on this Secretary of State who, through six years of power, was such a dominant figure in the United States. More than that Dulles was a paradoxical figure. Richard Goold-Adams, possibly embarking on the venture before the time is really ripe, has attempted a re-appraisal of Dulles in his new book THE TIME OF POWER (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 30s.). Perhaps the book has really emerged because of the author's own puzzlement, over this strange and many-sided figure, this far from quiet American. "There is almost nothing one could write about John Foster Dulles with which any six people chosen at random would agree," declares Mr. Goold-Adams in his introduction. The author believes that here was a man of distinction, of high moral qualities, but perhaps in the final analysis lacking the common touch and a feeling for humanity.

Here is another reassessment, coming at a reasonable point of time and therefore especially important. NEWMAN: THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD (Macmillan. 30s.) is Volume II of Meriol Trevor's new life of the great Christian churchman, who found that his work lay both in scholarly Oxford and among the factory people of Birmingham, among Anglicans at first and latterly among Roman Catholics. The second volume *Light in Winter* will be published in the autumn of this year. The 650 pages of the first volume stem from deep research and understanding of this most important theme.

Ralph Arnold's A VERY QUIET WAR (Rupert Hart-Davis. 21s.) is a marvellous antidote to war literature in the heroic vein, of which we have had so much and of which we are bound to have more. From the Second-Lieutenant Arnold of 1939, who became A.D.C. to the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, to the Colonel Arnold who worked with Supreme Mountbatten in South East Asia, the author takes us cheerfully along with a real sense of perspective and no particular illusions about his own importance.

PLINY'S "NATURAL HISTORY," summarising the scientific beliefs and knowledge of the ancient world, is a great storehouse of fact, fiction and anecdote. Under the sub-title *Selections from the History of the World* (Centaur Press. 4 gns.) we are presented with Philemon Holland's Elizabethan version of the original; and what exuberant fare it all is. Holland's volume has not been reprinted since 1634. These selections certainly whet the appetite for more.

Gilbert and Sullivan fans will welcome the massive new volume compiled by Cyril Rollins and R. John Witts, THE D'OYLY CARTE OPERA COMPANY IN GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (Michael Joseph. 35s.). This is a record of productions from 1875 to 1961. The casts of all performances are given, and there is a profusely illustrated section showing the famous D'Oyly Carte players in their leading roles.

BERLIN: HOSTAGE FOR THE WEST (2s. 6d.), by John Mander, and ASIA IN THE BALANCE (3s. 6d.), by Michael Edwardes, are two new Penguin Specials which command attention this week. Both books make a bold attempt to give a wider understanding of current world conflicts.

Those two complementary guides YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO SOUTHERN AFRICA and YEAR BOOK AND GUIDE TO EAST AFRICA, published at 12s. 6d. and 9s. 6d. respectively by Robert Hale for the Union Castle Company, now make their bow for 1962. The South African volume has been radically altered this year, paying increased attention to road routes; but all the old and valued features are there including a really excellent series of maps.

Richard Edmonds

English authors. TWO WAYS OF LIFE (Hodder and Stoughton. 16s.), by Mr. Richard Freeborn, an Oxford don, is a story of a young man who goes to Germany at the end of the war with the army of occupation, to discover a different way of life and to readjust his values painfully but lastingly. It is intelligent, as one would expect, and oddly moving. GONE TO TIMBUCTOO (Collins. 16s.) is primarily an adventure story and a good one, by Mr. John Pearson, who has written about a journey from Dakar, up through the remotest part of West Africa to Timbuctoo. Amusing, apparently authentic and exciting without resorting to scenes of violence.

Mr. George P. Elliott's volume of short stories, AMONG THE DANGS (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), is a lively, readable and far from banal collection by a writer who is described as a kind of literary anthropologist of present-day America. Good value and splendid variety of scene and subject.

FRONT-LINE STALINGRAD (Harvill. 18s.), by Mr. Victor Nekrasov, is a war story of the Red Army during its retreat through the Ukraine and it has the authority of being largely autobiographical, since the writer served as an officer on the Stalingrad front and writes mainly of what he knows.

Finally, there is Miss Ruth Rehman's SATURDAY TO MONDAY (Heinemann. 16s.), a first novel which is dreamy, introspective and yet full of sound observation. A window-cleaner who habitually works round a certain office block and who is detached but observant is the only one who knows the immediate futures of the man and the three women who work there. He knows that from lunchtime on Saturday their world, as they know it, is going to be changed for ever, and that is the point of departure for this complex but never obscure four-stranded story. Admirably constructed, and written with great feeling. The translation from the German is by Catherine Hutter.

Vernon Fane

ENIGMA OF THE PRIMACY

"If I had served my God with half the zeal. . . ." Cranmer, too, might have used those words as his last in the opinion of his religious critics. Cranmer has constantly been a subject for biographers and hitherto all have been biased. In THOMAS CRANMER (Clarendon Press. 35s.) Mr. Jasper Ridley has shown so little bias that his readers are in the position of a common jury who have listened to a meticulous summing-up of an intricate case by an experienced judge, in which every particle of evidence, pro and con, has been summarised and clarified, without the slightest hint from the Bench of the comparative values of the particles. This is impartial British justice, but there is something to be said in biography for a "slight touch of hero-worship."

Mr. Ridley's exhaustive, erudite and meticulously documented study will prove certainly definitive as a text-book and source-authority for historians of the period; it is hard reading for the layman for lack of guidance from the Bench. Cranmer's *credo* was royal absolutism. For sixteen years he served the Court slavishly. As a Christian he believed that, to strengthen his king's powers, sacrifice of his religious doctrines was justified, even imperative. Not until the faggots were piled for him did he decide to prefer his God to his king. Small wonder if in that age of fierce religious controversy, he was despised and revered, damned as a time-server and hailed as the protagonist of the English Reformation. In this masterly work, the reader (the jury) has all the facts, the criticisms, the praise, the theories of generations of experts and students before him, superbly marshalled without bias. For a right judgment, a modern jury requires an absolute faith in damnation *beyond* the grave.

John Gore

Robert (David Tomlinson) gets double vision after a close embrace with Judith (Jane Downs)

In another scene are Jacqueline (Andrée Melly); Bertha (Carmel McSharry); Bernard (Patrick Cargill); and Robert

BOEING-BOEING

at the Apollo Theatre

The curtain rises on the new light comedy, adapted by Beverley Cross from the French of Marc Camoletti, to reveal a set by Hutchinson Scott of the interior of a French flat, complete with seven doors. And with a sigh of satisfaction the audience settles back in its collective seat, knowing what is to come—the doors will open and shut and characters will pop in and out just missing each other with the precision and timing of a well-regulated cuckoo clock. The plot of this particular farce concerns the activities of Bernard, a young polygamous Frenchman. With the aid of an efficient cook-housekeeper, he manages to run three mistresses in the same flat, by the expedient of ensuring that all three are air hostesses, "one up, one down, and one pending." Into this situation steps Bernard's old school friend from the provinces; things start to go wrong; and the situations become very complicated.

Photographs by Reg Wilson

The third of the air hostesses who are involved with Bernard and Robert is Janet (Carole Shelley)

LEADERS OF BRITISH INDUSTRY

Photographed by Tom Hustler

F. G. Mitchell

As chairman of Mitchell Engineering Ltd., Mr. Mitchell is head of an organisation which has grown into one of the leading British engineering and construction firms since he founded the business in 1919. In the engineering field, Mitchell activities range from the manufacture of mechanical handling equipment to valves for guided missiles. The construction company has built many power stations in Great Britain and a nuclear power station in Scotland among other contracts and has expanded to such an extent that an impressive new headquarters office block is being opened in Peterborough this spring. Frederick Gilbert Mitchell, who is 6 ft. 4 ins. tall and is universally known as "Tiny," was born in London in 1884. He married in 1911 and his two sons, Roy and Bud, are both in the family business. Although the Mitchell works are centred in Peterborough, the enterprise is controlled from offices in a magnificent Adam House in Bedford Square, London, leased from the British Museum. On the walls of his room Mr. Mitchell has pictures of nautical subjects. His chief recreation is yachting and his sons have inherited the same love of the sea. His clubs are the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club, of which he is Admiral and his son Roy has been Commodore; the Royal Thames Yacht Club and the Bath Club. Mr. Mitchell's home is Clopton Manor, near Kettering, in Northamptonshire

THE U.S. v. EUROPEAN SHIPPING

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

It is difficult to recall many instances, since the last war, of Britain openly taking issue with the United States on any matter of commercial policy; and certainly the idea of our calling a conference of European nations to propose concerted action against American policies is almost unheard of in recent years. For that reason apart from any other, the conference that Mr. Ernest Marples, Minister of Transport, plans in London next week is an intriguing one. It is a conference of European maritime nations organised to consider American interference with international shipping operations.

Mr. Marples is a man of great energy with a somewhat unceremonious attitude towards established patterns. This has shown itself in his approach to shipping—and shipbuilding—within Britain. And in singling out the nationalist policies pursued by many countries in their attitude towards international shipping operations, this has forced him, publicly, to criticise the policies of the United States. There are other countries of the world that follow equally protective policies toward their shipping industries; but none are of comparable importance.

Up to a few years ago, the main complaint of the traditional shipping nations was about "flags of convenience." In a sense, this was a form of "unfair competition" that thrived most, and irritated traditional maritime nations most, during inflation. By transferring one's ships to registry in Liberia, Panama, or Honduras, shipowners of many nations were able to operate with little or no taxation, which very substantially cut their effective costs. American shipowners were able to operate without the strangling trade union regulations and exceptionally high wages that increased their labour costs under the American flag. Wages in ships under these flags of convenience were not significantly lower than those of the European maritime trading nations; but the tax advantages did strengthen the competition of American and Greek owners. The Greek owners, in particular, managed to achieve an extremely large share of the growth in world shipping.

American companies, above all others, took advantage of the attractions of foreign registry, but that was hardly the American Government's responsibility. However, as the total tonnage of shipping available in the effective world fleet has grown faster than demand for shipping services, competition for employment of ships has tightened. It is in such circumstances that governmental policies designed to give preferential treatment to the American merchant marine have gained greater importance among the worries of the traditional shipping nations. So have some other American Government policies, reflecting less a protective attitude towards their shipping operators than a strong national dislike of anything that they rank as price fixing.

The protective policies that reserve trade to American shipping are well known. Most shipments for which American federal agencies are in any way responsible are bound by regulations requiring a minimum percentage to be moved in American ships; certain lines, particularly in the Pacific, receive operating subsidies, quite apart from the large building subsidies given to American passenger liners on the grounds of their importance to national defence. Fairly strict rules about the picking up of passengers at American ports of call hamper foreign passenger liners moving, for example, from the East to the West Coast of the United States. Since the trade affected by this array of regulations is among the richest in the world, it is not surprising that shipowners with lower costs, precluded from these rich pickings during a general shortage of shipping business, should complain loudly and wax sceptical regarding American protestations about making world trade freer.

The latest form of American Government interference about which British and other international shipowners are now protesting and gaining the support of Mr. Marples, however, is a matter of regulation, not exactly of protection. Last year the American legislature enacted a law which gave its maritime commission powers to require all shipping lines operating into its ports to give it full details of their fare and rate structure for passengers and freights. This was permissive legislation, as it finally became law; the protests of some foreign shipowners appeared to be taken into account to some degree, in that the maritime commission was simply given power to request such figures, not specifically directed to ask for them straight away. In practice, however, the commission hasn't lingered; it has asked for all these figures from foreign lines operating on the most important route to the United States, the North Atlantic. This demand for information has struck at the heart of the organisation of international liner operation, the shipping conference.

A shipping conference can fairly be called a price-fixing agreement, a compact to restrict competition, and many other names calculated to arouse the deepest suspicion from anti-trust officials; few of the companies involved would bother to deny this. What they also add in the same breath, however, is that the conference system has proved about the only practical way to run international liner trades. It has to be added that a number of investigations in Britain and elsewhere, arising from suspicions as deep as those some Washington officials now cherish, have in the past tended to agree with the shipowners about this.

The difficulties of relying on pure competition in the liner business can be fairly simply stated, though they are complex in effect. Liner cargoes are made up out of a huge variety of different items, no one of which could pay for the whole voyage alone. At any time, operating its regular service, a liner company may be presented with the chance of a wide range of extra business, if it is prepared to quote special rates for the consignments offered; and since it has to run the ship anyway, the extra cost of any particular extra consignment may be practically nil.

Yet if the owner quotes a very low rate to get this extra business, the consignment on which his competitor likewise quotes a low marginal rate may be one that the first ship is carrying at full rate. In recession, free competition by all owners, with their customers taking advantages of concessions anywhere to try to get the same rate from other ships, can force down the quotations on all kinds of business, in a trade where regular service is essential to maintain one's reputation and therefore costs are inflexible.

The shipping conference, whereby companies competing in a trade agree on quoting the same structure of rates for different forms of cargo on the same route, so as not to be played off against one another, is a natural form of protection against this vulnerability. It has been the pattern of liner operation on the world's main shipping routes since the 1870's. It may not be a perfect form of international commercial arrangement. It periodically attracts the suspicion of governments, particularly in countries wishing to build up their own shipping industry.

The present American inquiries—against which Mr. Marples apparently hopes to rally the countries that are united in the conference system—are the latest example of this. There are liberals in all countries, indeed, who are naturally sceptical about arrangements by which any industry organises itself to its own advantage, even when it protests that these arrangements are also to the advantage of all its customers. Nevertheless few of its critics of the conference system have anything practical to suggest to put in its place.

The 1,540-ton motor-driven bulk carrier *Leven Fisher* undergoes her trials in the Firth of Forth. She was recently completed by the Burntisland Shipbuilding Company for James Fisher and Sons, Ltd.

The 525-ft.-long motor-driven oil tanker, the *British Osprey*, is seen at speed on her trials. She has been handed over by her builders, Harland and Wolff Limited, to BP Tanker Co., Ltd. Built at Govan, the *British Osprey* is one of six similar vessels which have been ordered by BP from the shipbuilders

Dr. Nkrumah unveils the commemorative plaque at Tema Harbour, watched by Mr. Scott, of Sir William Halcrow & Partners, and Mr. Bensah, Ghana's Minister of Construction. **Right:** Sir John Howard, Managing Director of Parkinson Howard Limited, Mr. Bensah and Dr. Nkrumah

GHANA'S NEW HARBOUR

Tema Harbour, which has been under construction for eight years, and has cost over £18,000,000 to build, was officially opened to commercial traffic by President Nkrumah of Ghana last month. Tema, which lies 17 miles to the east of Accra, has been envisaged as part of a larger scheme of industrial development in Ghana, including the recently inaugurated Volta River Project. The consulting engineers for the harbour were Sir William Halcrow & Partners, and the contractors were Parkinson Howard Limited, both British firms. The harbour is enclosed in a water area of 500 acres, plus a 20-acre fishing harbour, and consists of nine berths, three miles of breakwaters, a dry dock, a fishing harbour, an oil berth and two cocoa sheds, each of which has clear spans of 170 ft. An interesting feature of the harbour is the provision of a built-in service gallery inside the quay walls. This leaves the surface level clear of obstructions such as water pipes, electric cables and telephone wires. The quays are accessible by rail from the Tema-Achimota line and by road from the Accra-Tema national highway. Nearby is the new town of Tema, which is planned as Ghana's new industrial centre. Until Tema Harbour was opened, the only deep-water harbour in Ghana was Takoradi, along the coast to the west, which dates from 1928

The quays in use. Eight of the nine berths are served by steel-framed sheds

A general view of the new deep-water harbour at Tema. The construction of the breakwaters has involved the quarrying of 10,000,000 tons of rock

As the fitting-out quay took shape during the construction work. The view is from the north-east

The modern exterior of the new C.A.V. research and engineering headquarters at Acton

After formally opening the new headquarters at Acton, Mr. F. J. Erroll (left), the President of the Board of Trade, discusses semi-conductor devices with Mr. A. T. Priddle, the Technical Director and Joint General Manager of C.A.V.; Lieut.-General Sir John Cowley, of the War Office; and Sir Bertram Waring, the Chairman of Joseph Lucas (Industries) Limited

IN THE FOREFRONT OF DEVELOPING DIESELS

Reading data from apparatus for recording and analysing engine noise

The number of diesel engines in use in Britain has increased from 30,000 in 1938 to 730,000 at the present time. To Germany goes the credit for first patenting the compression-ignition motor with its fuel economy and long life, but Britain has become the largest builder and exporter of diesel engines in the world. It is against this background of progress that the opening of C.A.V.'s new £1,500,000 research and engineering headquarters at Acton, London, attains its real importance, for this branch of the Joseph Lucas " empire " is now the world's largest manufacturer of fuel injection equipment and is the British motor industry's leading supplier of diesel engine equipment, including fuel injection pumps and turbo-chargers.

When the new building, which has many striking design features, was recently opened by

The entrance and reception hall of the headquarters

Along the main aisle of the engine test laboratory are ranged the test-bed cubicles in a continuous line

A metallurgist examines a specimen by means of micro-hardness test apparatus.

Right: The design drawing office is situated at the top of the building to give good lighting conditions

Mr. F. J. Erroll, President of the Board of Trade, he paid well deserved tribute to this firm, which started making electrical equipment in London in 1892, and which gets its name from the initials of the late Mr. C. A. Vandervell, father of Mr. Tony Vandervell, motor-racing patron and chief of Vandervell Products, Ltd., one of the big suppliers of engine bearings to Europe's automobile and aircraft industries. Mr. Erroll put on record the fact that last year Britain built 560,000 diesel engines and sold more than half abroad. Only by unceasing research and development can C.A.V.—and the diesel branch of the British motor industry as a whole—hope to keep in the forefront and this firm's new facilities at Acton should do much to ensure this.

C.A.V. technicians have been in the lead in developing and popularising the distributor-type pump, which is smaller, lighter and cheaper. They have also made a notable contribution in the field of combustion research and in this connection they have made spectacularly successful use of Schlieren illumination in conjunction with high-speed photography. During a visit to the firm's new laboratories I was shown fascinating slow-motion films of what happens inside the combustion chambers of a diesel engine as the pistons go up and down.

Diesel engines are unpleasantly noisy and anything that can be done to make them run more quietly will be welcomed by many different sections of the community. C.A.V. research workers have discovered that much of the diesel's unenviably distinctive " knock " is due to the fact that the walls of the cylinder block act as a sounding board. They have sought a means of minimising this by designing an engine block which is in effect a skeleton framework for the pistons, with sound-deadening panels of laminated rubber fitted to them.

The new C.A.V. building is one of the largest and most modern of its type and provides 84,500 sq. ft. of floor space. It accommodates research, diesel, electrical, metallurgical and chemical laboratories, design drawing office, experimental and prototype workshop, instrumentation and photographic sections, proving and turbo-charger departments, engine test section and technical library.

Courtenay Edwards

A diesel engine rigged for dynamometer tests in one of the cubicles

In the large cold-room, starting tests are performed on a diesel tractor at sub-zero temperatures

INDUSTRY AND THE STOCK MARKET

THE CHOICE

By "THE SPHERE" CITY CORRESPONDENT

Shareholders in Courtaulds must now take a decision on Imperial Chemical Industries' £212,000,000 take-over offer. This bid, which is the largest in Britain's financial history, must be decided by shareholders alone. The Government have made it clear that the outcome will be resolved by the 180,000 holders of Courtaulds Ordinary and Preference shares. These holders have now received a copy of I.C.I.'s formal offer which closes initially on March 8, so that a choice must be made in the next few days.

Anyone holding shares in a position of trust must clearly assess the bid solely on its financial merits. The vast majority of other shareholders will do the same, though some may determine their action by their political or social feelings regarding the take-over.

For the majority to whom financial considerations are paramount the background to the bid will now be familiar. Discussions between the two companies began last September, became public just before Christmas 1961 and ended in disagreement about the middle of January. There is direct conflict between I.C.I. and Courtaulds on the scope of the early talks: I.C.I. have stated that merger negotiations began in September, while Courtaulds state that discussions for a take-over began only on November 15. The importance of this controversy is that Courtaulds reduced their interim dividend on November 2 and stated that a profit forecast was difficult. Had merger discussions then been in progress shareholders would reasonably feel aggrieved at the directors' moves.

Sir John Hanbury-Williams, as head of the Courtaulds board, has stated that the I.C.I. offer is unsound both commercially and industrially. On industrial grounds I.C.I. are urging an integrated man-made fibres industry linking both raw materials to sales outlets. Courtaulds, on the other hand, as sellers of textiles, wish to be free to buy their raw materials where they want. Which of these two views is correct? For any shareholder an assessment is extremely difficult, though a decision is important for an investor who is considering longer-term prospects.

While Courtaulds have defended their attitude on general grounds, experience abroad, notably in the United States and Europe, seems to favour I.C.I.'s case. The second criterion by which the bid must be assessed is financial. Here, I.C.I. are offering 50s. worth of 6½ per cent. Convertible stock for each £1 share in Courtaulds. This Convertible offer is more attractive than I.C.I.'s alternative of a four-for-five share exchange. The crucial financial test must be stock market values, where I.C.I. now hold out an effective 50s. and possibly 52s. 6d. for each Courtaulds share. By any recent standards this must be reckoned attractive. It is virtually double the lowest point which Courtaulds shares touched last year and it is above the highest point reached by Courtaulds shares since 1960.

The financial problem for shareholders is to measure this price value against future developments, reflected in the scheme proposed by Courtaulds directors. This includes a 10s. a share free issue of loan stock, with higher dividends and capital distributions. Courtaulds also state that they will place their investments and certain property assets into a separate trust, all of whose profits will be distributed to shareholders. These investments will include their £19,000,000 holding in Snia Viscosa, the Italian textile concern, but will not include the joint interest with I.C.I. in British Nylon Spinners.

Courtaulds have also stated that they will distribute at least half the income they derive from trading. For any company this is a far-reaching undertaking. For Courtaulds it is especially striking, as it represents a major departure with recent years' policy.

What should shareholders do? They have to decide whether some 50s. from I.C.I. will fructify more or less rapidly than from Courtaulds. On past experience, funds left with I.C.I. have done better, but it is now being suggested that Courtaulds stand on the brink of a new era of expansion, and that the outlook for chemicals is less promising. Shareholders are thus thrown back against the two groups' widely different estimates of each other's prospects. For people who are genuinely baffled by this conflicting evidence, there is the alternative of selling in the stock market.

In this writer's view the best course, seen at mid-February, is to sell Courtaulds shares for cash at 50s. or above. The proceeds can be reinvested elsewhere or may be used later to buy shares in I.C.I., or in Courtaulds if it remains independent. For those shareholders who are unable or unwilling to sell their holdings for 50s. or above, the best course is to accept I.C.I.'s offer of Convertible stock.

The reasons for this move are technical but of great importance for all investors. The crux is that any investor who accepts I.C.I.'s offer will lose nothing if the bid fails. But if an investor does not accept the Convertible offer and the I.C.I. bid succeeds, there is a clear risk that he may be compelled later to take the less attractive share exchange. I.C.I. have already made it clear that their Convertible terms may not be extended beyond March 8. For this reason shareholders have nothing to lose and possibly a good deal to gain by accepting I.C.I.'s offer of Convertible stock before that date.

GOOD LIVING

By Ganymede

An assessment of the 1961 Burgundies by M. Louis Jadot, of Beaune, has reached me through his London agents, Messrs. Hatch Mansfield & Co. Ltd. He says that this is a good time to form an opinion, in spite of the fact that the wine is "still sleeping the last few hours before the dawn, when it will once again have to wake up and toil afresh."

The white Burgundies are splendid; 1961 will be a wonderful vintage as regards quality. They are elegant, not as heavy as the 1959's, but more like the 1950's. They should be ready for bottling in the autumn, and for drinking in the spring of 1963. The Pouilly wines are exceptionally good, but all the white Burgundies are in small quantities.

The red Burgundies are also good, some of them very good, but none of them will reach the heights of the fabulous 1959's. At this time they are having their second fermentation. The colour is excellent and their acidity is not excessive. The wines of Beaujolais are superb, and in M. Jadot's opinion they are much more typical of their area than those of 1959, when they were bigger than normal, and more of the style of the Côte d'Or. Unfortunately the quantity of the red wines is also small. It is said to be only about half of the average vintage. So there is not much hope for a reduction in the very high prices.

As M. Jadot points out, "the farmer still has to pay his workers, buy his fertilisers and replace his equipment as it wears out, all of which costs more and more each year." Only one thing would bring prices down: three good vintages in a row, of good average quality and quantity.

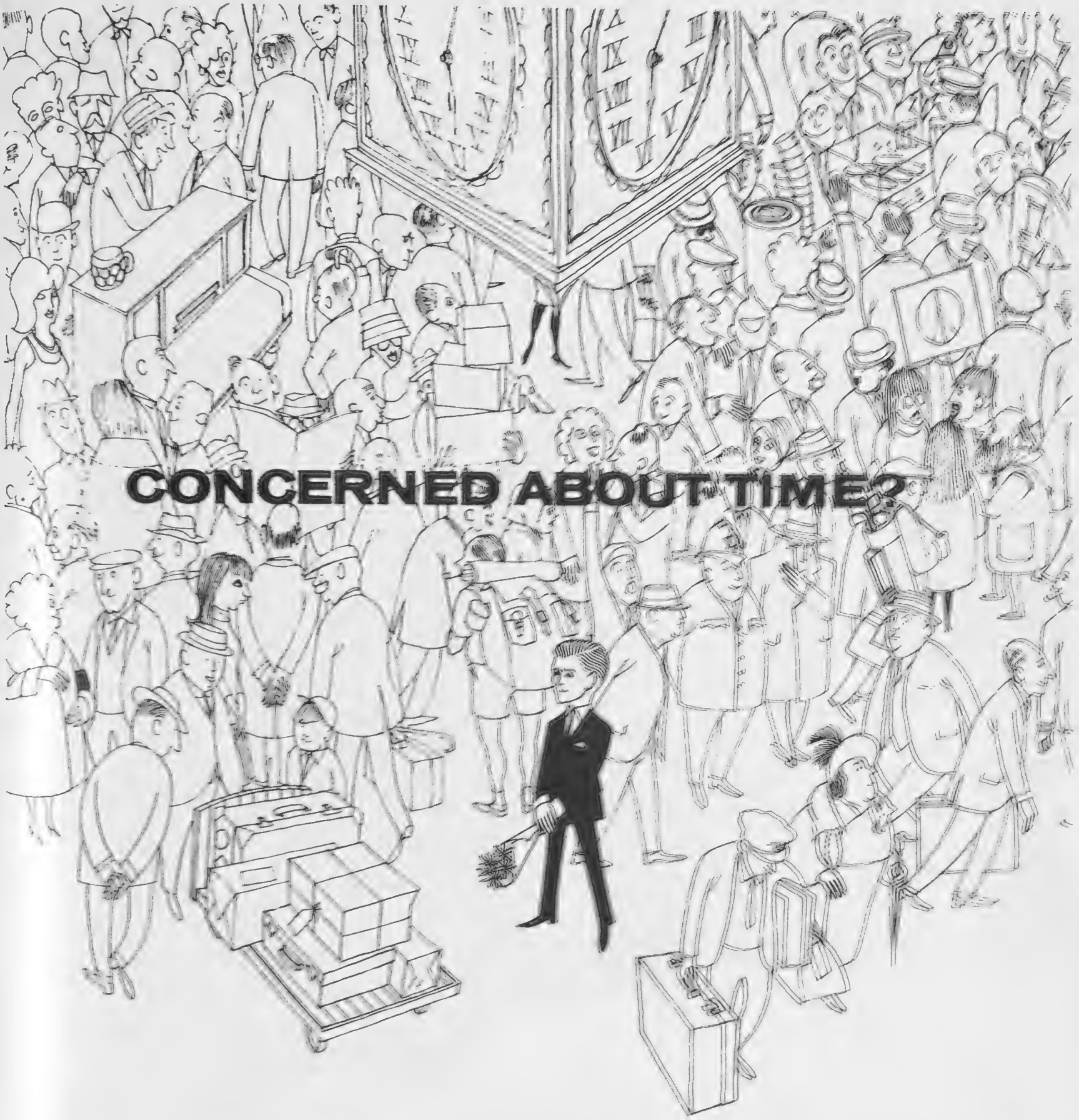
At the inaugural party of the Adriatic Riviera Gastronomic Festival at Lo Spiedo in London, are, from left, a cook, Charles Forte and Miss June Thornburn, the actress

Another report, from J. Thorin, received through Percy Fox Ltd., is more guarded on the subject of Burgundies. It considers the wines to be promising, but refuses to give a definite assessment of their quality until the racking later this month. Demand is high, and prices anything but stable. The only change might be possible later this spring, brought about by optimistic forecasts of the 1962 vintage. A warning note creeps into the comment on the full order books and high prices: "This state of affairs will continue until the present high prices have their effect on the consumer, a process which will obviously take some months."

The delight of Italian *pasta* consists, apart from the flavour of its sauce, cheese, and other extras, of its consistency and texture. This was brought home to me when I was able to taste it, having been made by Italian experts, and properly cooked by Italian cooks, in London of all places. That wonderful firmness under the teeth, when *pasta* has been cooked as it should *al dente*, is so often lacking over here, and that means that half of its charm is lost.

That is one of the reasons why I welcomed the enterprise of the Italian tourist authorities who, in alliance with Mr. Forte, have organised a fortnight of food of the Romagna region. The scene was Lo Spiedo, in Piccadilly Circus, one of the restaurants of the Forte empire which specialises in Italian food. Here, in slightly garish but cheerful surroundings, *pasta* was being made from scratch and, for a fortnight, it was possible to sample the various dishes of the region and drink the wines of the surrounding hills of Emilia. During the fortnight clients were asked to leave the choice of their six samples "to the chef," and such a meal was charged at a reasonable price, including half a bottle of wine per head. This idea proved most attractive to the clients, and I was told by Mr. Remo Gualdi, the manager, that he was hoping to continue the system in part of the restaurant after the conclusion of the "Gastronomic Festival," as it was called.

The six samples made a "six-course" lunch or dinner and I, for one, found it not only interesting but satisfying. I am told that in the first week only one customer demanded smoked salmon and grilled steak. I followed Mr. Gualdi's recommendations and had *Brodo con Passatelli*, *Polenta con Salsiccia*, *Conchiglia di Pesce*, *Tortellini al Pomodoro*, *Filetto di Bue alla Compagnola*, and *Panspeziale*, washed down by Albana, Tipo Secco (white) and Lambrusco Secco (red, sparkling).



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MOTORING

NOT SO BOUNCY

New safety tyre with a "cling" tread; the Rover T4 prototype; testing the Volkswagen 1500; and book reviews

By **COURTENAY EDWARDS**

On a skid track developed from a helicopter landing pad built specially for the Duke of Edinburgh when he visited the Melksham (Wiltshire) factory of the Avon India Rubber Co., I recently carried out an interesting test of the new Avon safety tyre with the " cling " tread.

This special tread is made of what is called high hysteresis synthetic rubber which, roughly speaking, means that it is not as " bouncy " as natural rubber. Technically-minded readers will know, of course, that hysteresis is a measure of the degree of energy loss, through conversion into heat, which occurs in any material subjected to a mechanical stress cycle (like bending a child's ruler and letting it straighten itself again; or when a tyre flexes).

A big fault with these non-bouncy, high hysteresis treads is that they generate a lot of heat, so Avon use natural rubber for their tyre walls and under treads (the part that does not come into contact with the road).

The test I carried out at Melksham consisted of driving two identical Ford Anglias round and round the Avon skid track. One had tyres of the old kind. The other was fitted with the new safety tyres.

Without being told which was which, I was invited to drive both cars in turn. I was then asked to say which car had the cling-tread tyres. I was in no doubt at all and was not surprised to be told later by Mr. Tom Joy, Avon's technical manager, that the demand for the firm's " family " tyres has nearly doubled since the old type was replaced last October by the new cling-tread variety and with no extra charge.

The Avon test track is circular in shape with a diameter of 48 ft. On opposite sides of the circle there are short stretches with a surface of shiny pebbles brought from West Bay, Bridport. These very smooth patches are kept well watered and as you drive round and round trying to keep up with a flashing light moving at 20 miles an hour cars with ordinary tyres carry out some strange evolutions when they hit those pebble patches. By contrast the sedate behaviour of " cling " tyres is most impressive.

Testing in progress on the skid pan of the Avon India Rubber Co. at Melksham, Wilts

The Rover Co., announcing that their latest turbocar prototype—T4—is to be put on view at the New York Show on April 21, claim " a very promising performance " for this car in the test schedule which will be resumed when the car returns from the U.S.

The front-mounted turbine of this four-seat saloon is said to develop the piston engine's equivalent of 200 brake horse-power and Rover engineers say their heat exchanger, built integrally with it is proving so satisfactory that a fuel mileage (using kerosene) of between 17 and 20 to the gallon is being achieved.

Rovers cautiously and alliteratively call the T4 " a possible pre-production prototype." I am glad that at the New York Show Americans will be reminded by the presence of this car that Britain has pioneered the turbine-engined car just as we pioneered jet propulsion.

The T4 is of advanced design, with front-wheel drive, disc brakes all round and independent springing. Rovers—a notably modest firm—claim " considerable progress " in the reduction of the noise level and inertia lag (which produces a slow initial acceleration response when you put your foot down). Like the Chrysler turbocar seen at the London Motor Show last October, the latest turbine-engined Rover has variable nozzles for the compressor turbine (as distinct from the power turbine) which alter their position automatically to give the best possible gas flow for any combination of road and engine speeds.

I have now had a chance of road-testing, in England, the new VW 1500 which I first drove in Germany last year during the Frankfurt Show. With a bigger engine of 1,493 c.c. it is based on the old, beetle-shaped Volkswagen; and while benefiting from the best features of that classic design, it has been made roomier, quieter, faster and better-looking.

The VW 1500 suffers far less from the over-steer characteristics which afflict the " old " model (I use the quotation marks because the 1,192-c.c. Volkswagen is likely to remain in large-scale production for a very long time) but, with most of the weight still at the back, it is still a bit tricky to handle when coping with a gusty side wind.

The all-synchromesh four-speed gear-box is a joy to use, with the floor-mounted change lever coming easily to hand and it is possible, in fact, to drive and control this car without ever leaning forward in one's seat: an important point where the wearing of safety belts is concerned. The handbrake is of the pull-up type and located between the comfortable, bucket-type front seats. You control the lights, wipers and screen washers (a standard fitting) with press buttons arranged in a neat cluster to the right of the instrument panel.

There are only two doors, of course, and I found that when sitting in the back seat I had the feeling that I perched rather high up in relation to the people in front. The car, with its air-cooled, flat-four engine, is still noisier than comparable 1½-litre British cars with water-cooled engines but I can well believe that " Volks " enthusiasts get to love the car's characteristic engine throb.

The bigger engine packs a noticeably heavier punch than its older sister and the car's top speed of around 80 m.p.h. is also its effortless cruising speed (and at less than 4,000 r.p.m., too). My overall petrol mileage was just under 30 to the gallon but you can depend on more than 40 for easy open-road cruising. In Britain the 1500 has the high price of £1,099. In Germany it costs £570, which is £160 more than the cheapest version of the 1·2-litre model.

Mr. J. J. Graydon, managing director of V.W. Motors, Ltd., U.K. VW concessionaires (who have Lord Brabazon as chairman) tells me that in spite of the new car's duty- and tax-inflated price in the U.K. he is confident of selling 2,000 over here this year.

This is an appropriate moment to mention the recent publication of " The Porsche and Volkswagen Companion " by Kenneth Ullyett (Stanley Paul, 15s.). It is the third in this author's " motoring companion " series, the others relating to Jaguar and MG. Apart from its wealth of technical detail this book deals interestingly with the historical aspect of Porsche and VW development and pays due tribute to the late Professor Ferdinand Porsche, who was responsible for the original design of both these closely-related cars.

Most of the other review copies on my desk at the moment relate to motor sport. There is a first-class book by Rodney Walkerley with the title " Automobile Racing—A History of Motor Sport " (Temple Press, 35s.) in which this famous motoring writer traces the development of Grand Prix racing, discusses world championships and record-breaking and takes a look into his crystal ball.

A well produced volume which deserves a place on the bookshelf of every motor sport enthusiast is " Autocourse," an old-established review of motor sport (Trafalgar Press, £2) which for 1961-2 appears in book form for the first time. This publication is famous for its detailed and meticulously accurate lap charts of all the main races. It also deals with the rally scene and contains interesting articles on such subjects as test driving and the new Ferguson racer.

The disappointing thing about the English version of the 1962 edition of " International Auto-Parade " (International Automobile Parade, Zurich, 50s.) is the irritatingly slipshod manner in which it has been translated. It is, however, an admirable review of the world's cars, with handsome colour sections, masses of detailed specifications and frank road tests, including one by Stirling Moss of the E-type Jaguar, of which he says " I found it impossible to make a fast, smooth change on any of the gears."

" Do it yourself " motoring enthusiasts who want to make sure of passing the vehicle test with their cars are well catered for by " Your Car Test " (Arco, 5s.) a booklet by John Mills which contains much sound advice.

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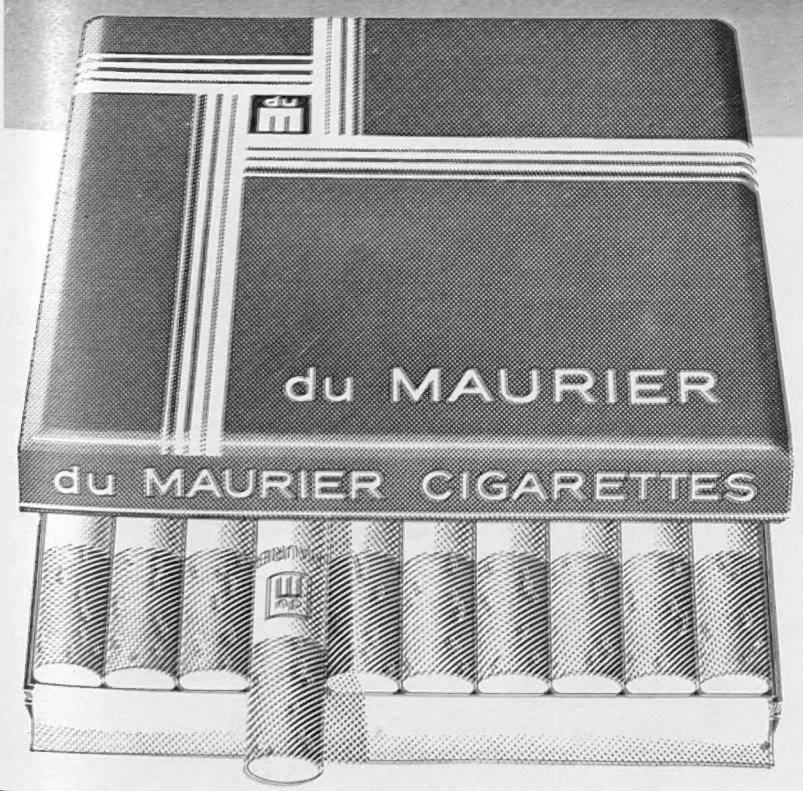

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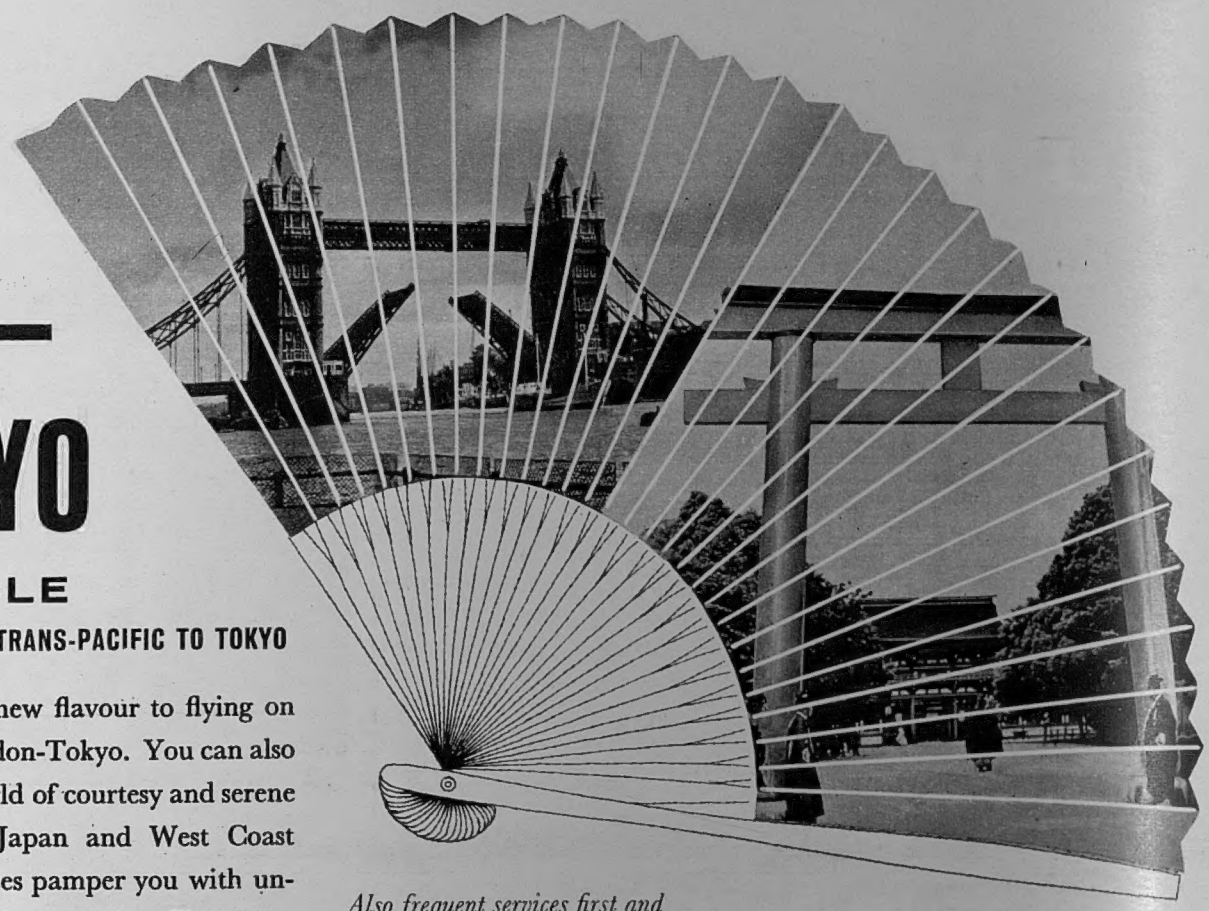

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 13-15, John Adam Street, London, W.C.2.*

TEENIES AND TEENAGERS is my theme song this week because at this time of the year, however wintry the weather may be, wise parents must look ahead and book up now for their children's summer holidays. Now, as children is a generic term, I will dissect my thoughts into babes, fledgelings, inexperienced persons between two and ten, and teenagers.

Babes present no real problem, as, bless their little hearts, they sleep most of the day, coo and cry and couldn't care less whether the shore is sandy, and whether the hotel is licensed or Daddy pops down to the local. The thing for young mothers is to make sure that the hotel of their choice has a co-operative management who will supply cots, provide washing, ironing and airing facilities and also provide a "listening-in" service of an evening so that parents may have a few hours' holiday themselves.

Generally speaking, hoteliers which cater for babes are also attuned to the unpredictable antics of fledgelings. For example, to save the embarrassment of parents whose children are obstreperous in the dining-room, a bedroom tray service is often organised. Some hotels also have a children's-only dining-room. Thus by a process of graduation the growing child realises that meals in one's bedroom means that he or she is still "baby": in the children's dining-room they are not yet "grown-ups," but when they reach the hotel restaurant proper they feel on the way to taking wing and becoming teenagers.

Teenager holiday problems should be easier of solution, for they often share their parents' enjoyment. Yet are they? Often with a number of children parents are confronted with finding a holiday base where many tastes will be catered for and the solution is either a popular resort or an hotel largely self-contained in holiday entertainment.

Clearly, I cannot hope to list all those hotels that I can recommend for Teenies and Teenagers, so I will restrict myself to a few, and should you be interested in other districts than those mentioned I should be pleased to hear from you—but a stamped, addressed envelope for my reply, please.

Possibly the best example of an hotel catering for children of every age is *Knoll House Hotel*, Studland Bay, Dorset. Founded by the late Chris Smith, Colonel and Mrs. Ferguson, the new owners, continue to enhance the Knoll House reputation as an outstanding hotel for family holidays. Here will be found every possible amenity to make parents' lot a happy one. From separate kitchen, dining-room and playroom for tots and fledgelings, growing youth of the clambering age have the model of an old sailing-ship to develop muscles on. For teenagers and parents, sands, safe bathing, sailing, golf, tennis courts, riding stables, even a full-size cricket ground are at hand. I do not know of any other hotel in the country where so much is laid on, and where every member of the family can be so well content. Weekly terms for adults run from 13 gns., with varying reductions for children dependent upon age and accommodation required.

If you have a fancy for the bracing East Coast, one choice for you would be *Raven Hall Hotel*, Ravenscar, on the cliff-face ten miles north of Scarborough. Here again is an admirable example of an all-purpose family hotel opening at Whitsun and closing at the end of September. The first attraction is a clean and clear outdoor swimming-pool, heated at a pleasant temperature and protected from wind by glass screens which act as splendid shelters for sun-bathing. For those more energetically disposed, *Raven Hall* provides hard tennis courts and putting green, a private nine-hole golf course and nearby riding stables. Indoors there need never be a dull moment. Billiards, ballroom, "movies" and a host to arrange competitions, tournaments, treasure hunts, and so on. Weekly terms from 15 gns.

There is a tendency to turn one's thoughts seawards when contemplating a family holiday, but there are times of the year—as, for example, Easter—when I would direct parents' thoughts to *Oatlands Park Hotel*, Weybridge, where Teenies and Teenagers need never obtrude on their elders or vice versa.

What a galaxy of activities can be enjoyed indoors and out! A particularly fine swimming-pool, a sandpit for tots, squash, tennis, croquet, bowls, an 18-hole sporting golf course, billiards, table tennis, television, and in the handsome ballroom a Saturday-night dance which is an ever-popular weekly event. Weekly terms from 12 gns., and very good value, too.

An hotel which impressed me tremendously last September as a wonderful family hotel was the *Atholl Palace Hotel*, Pitlochry, which has abandoned the policy of catering to coach parties and has reverted to catering for the family holiday and especially for those of public-school and varsity age.

The *Atholl Palace* has a threefold appeal: (1) for self-contained family holidays at inclusive terms that are fully competitive with those of higher-graded hotels; (2) a splendid pivotal point for touring the Highlands (their brochure outlines fourteen different trips ranging from 38 miles to 179½); and (3) as a venue for conferences prior to or after the holiday season (that is, before May or after the end of September).

Throughout the season the *Atholl Palace* management organises various sporting competitions on a weekly basis. Dancing to a resident orchestra takes place nightly on weekdays (a concert on Sundays) and on Highland occasions, such as the Open Amateur Golf Championship, the Braemar Royal Gathering and the annual lawn tennis championships on the hotel courts, the *Atholl Palace* reaches its holiday peak. Weekly terms from 15 gns.

For parents who would seek pastures new, I would throw out the hint that Ireland should be considered, and the hotel which first comes to my mind as admirably adapted for young children is the *Strand Hotel*, Rosslare, reached by direct steamer from Fishguard to Rosslare. We cannot recall any other hotel in Ireland so advantageously placed for sands and safe bathing. No road to cross, no cliff to climb—just the hotel lawn and with the Rosslare golf links only five minutes from the hotel.

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AUNTIE B
as her relatives refer to her, flies to London with undiminished frequency (in spite of her eighty and more years) and, as always, makes what she terms her London hive at
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